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10¢

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COOKIE...
STARLET O'HARA
IN HOLLYWOOD...
and OTHER
RIB-TICKLERS!





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Everybody!

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AT WHAT IT DOES!

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9 IN 1

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the truly scientific
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secretly concealed,
changes colors to
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COMPASS
tells directions day
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is durable plas-
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Chart shows how to
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☐ I enclose \$1.98 for each—send the Telzall 9-in-1 Sun Watch all postage charges prepaid—on money-back guarantee.

TELZALL, 430 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.

COOKIE

HOLY SOX, COOKIE! DO YOU ACTUALLY MEAN A HORSE DID THAT TO YOUR JALOPY?

YEAH! -- AN IRON HORSE!



HI, JO! WHAT'S WITH THE SIGN YOU'RE PUTTIN' UP? A CIRCUS COMIN' TO TOWN?

IF I WENT AROUND TELLIN' EVERYBODY WHAT WAS GONNA BE ON DA SIGNS I PUT UP, DERE WOULDN'T BE ANY **NEED** FOR **SIGNS** AND I'D BE OUT OF A **JOB**!

SO IF YOUSE WANTA KNOW WHAT IT SAYS, Y' CAN HANG AROUND AND SEE! I DON'T GIVE AWAY **PROFESSIONAL SECRETS**!

HEY, WODDA CHARACTER!

YEAH, YOU'D THINK THAT SIGN WAS GONNA BE SOMETHIN' REALLY **IMPORTANT**! HEH! HEH!



WELL, IT IS IMPORTANT! DIS SIGN IS ANNOUNCIN' DA **BIGGEST, MOST IMPORTANT** T'ING DAT'S HAPPENED AROUND HERE IN YEARS! WOODYA TINK OF DAT, SMART GUYS?

LET'S STICK AROUND, JIT, AND SEE WHAT IT SAYS!

SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AW, C'MON, JOE! QUIT PUTTIN' IT UP IN PIECES! YOU'RE JUST DOIN' THAT TO **TEASE** US!

DAT'S RIGHT! I'M GONNA KEEP YOUSE IN **SUSPENSE** CUZZ YOUSE WERE DISRESPECK-FUL TO ME JOB!

WELL, DERE IT IS!

BIG CELEBRATION!!!

SANTA FRAY RAILROAD'S

NEW GREAT TRAIN --

"The Rail Cruiser"

To Make Innaugural Run from our City

- **Parade!!!**
- **Street Dancing!!!**
- **Dedication Speech**
TO BE MADE BY RAILROAD PRESIDENT!!!

BIG CONTEST TO PICK MISS "RAIL CRUISER"!!!

ENTER YOUR WIFE OR SWEETHEART! WINNER TO GET COMPLETE WARD-ROBE --AND FREE, ALL-EXPENSE ROUND-TRIP TO THE WEST COAST!!!

HOLY SOX, JIT! **THAT'S** GONNA BE SOME **SWING-DING**! Y'KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO? ENTER **ANGELPUSS** IN THAT CONTEST' FOR MISS RAIL CRUISER!

HEY, WHY NOT?

YEAH, BUT I BETTER TELL HER FIRST! C'MON, LET'S GET WITH IT!

YEAH! MAYBE SHE WON'T WANTA BE IN THE CONTEST! SOME CHICKS ARE TOUCHY ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT! THEY CAN'T TAKE IT IF THEY **LOSE**!

LISTEN, BUGHEAD,
IF MY ANGEL-
PUSS IS IN IT,
**SHE'LL
WIN!**

OKAY, **OKAY!** I DIDN'T
SAY SHE **WOULDN'T**
WIN! I JUST SAID--

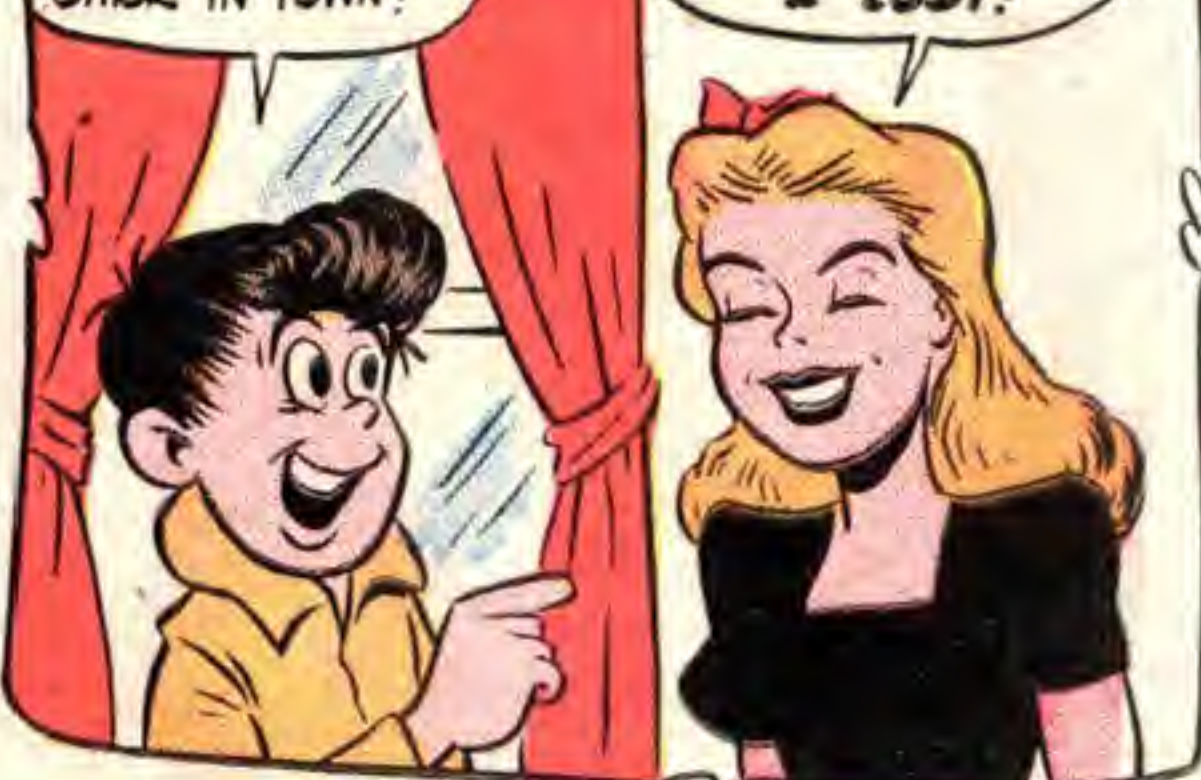
I DON'T CARE
WHAT YOU SAID,
SO **FORGET**
IT!



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER--

SO HOW'S ABOUT LETTIN' ME
ENTER YOU, ANGEL? GOSH,
YOU'LL WIN **EASILY!** AFTER
ALL, YOU'RE THE SLICKEST,
MOST GORGEOUS
CHICK IN TOWN!

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU
THINK SO, COOKIE! BUT
REMEMBER, A LOT OF
JUDGES WILL BE THE
ONES TO DECIDE, AND I
WOULDN'T WANT YOU
TO FEEL BAD IF
I LOST!



BUT YOU **WON'T**
LOSE! AND THINK
OF WHAT **YOU'LL**
WIN!

WELL, ALL RIGHT!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER---

WELL, THAT'S **THAT!**
THE SANTA FRAY RAILROAD
DOESN'T KNOW IT YET, BUT
I JUST ENTERED THE
WINNIN' GAL!

YEAH, I --- **HEY!**
I JUST **THOUGHT**
OF SOMETHIN'!

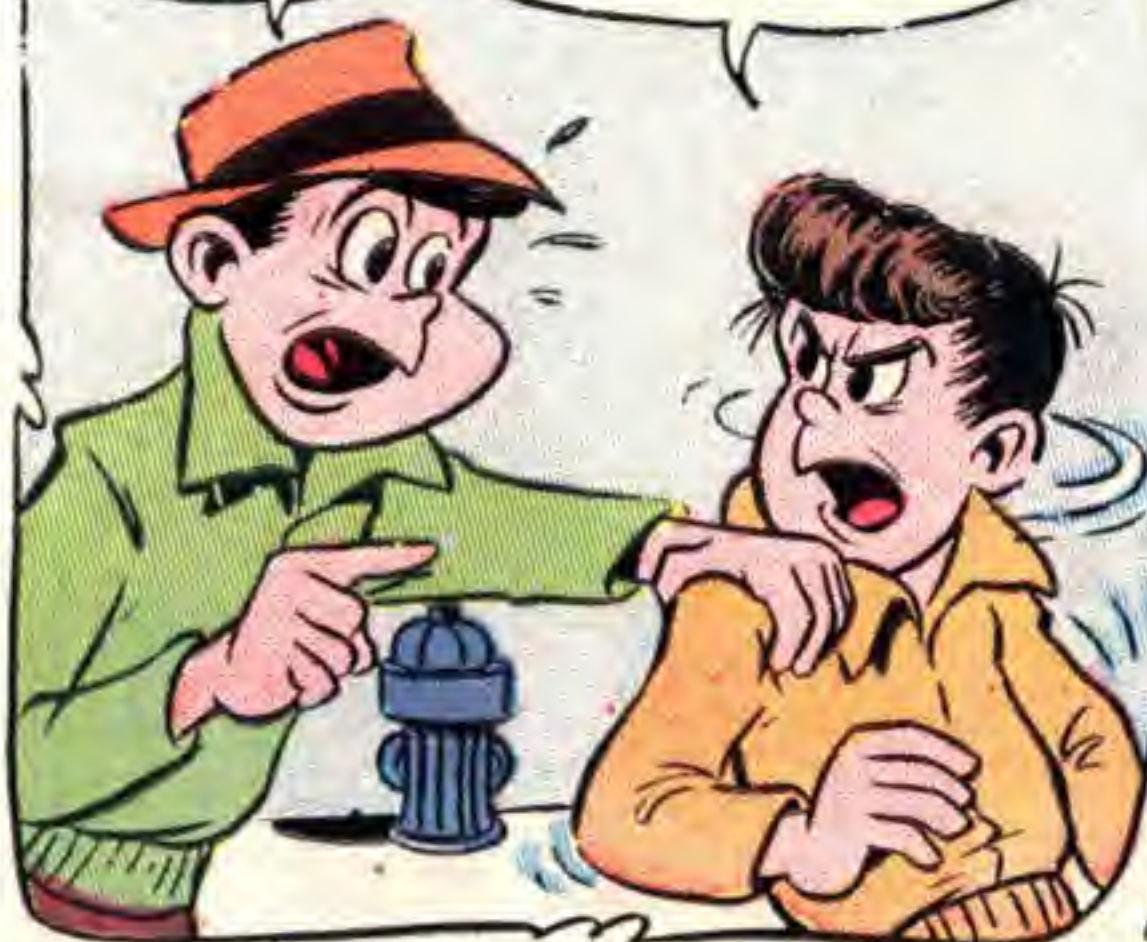


IF ANGELPUSS
DOES WIN,
Y' KNOW WHAT
SHE GETS?

DON'T SAY **IF** SHE WINS!
I **KNOW** WHAT SHE'LL WIN--
A **COMPLETE WARDROBE,**
AND SHE'LL **DESERVE**
IT, TOO!

SURE, BUT SHE WINS SOMETHING
ELSE! A FREE TRIP TO THE
WEST COAST! YOU, MY FRIEND,
WILL BE **WITHOUT** YOUR EVER-
LOVIN' GIRL FRIEND, AND IT'LL
BE **YOUR OWN FAULT!**

NOW HE
TELLS ME!



SHE'LL BE OUT IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE ALL THE BIG-SHOT STARS LIVE! (GULP) GREG PECK, VAN JOHNSON, JIMMY STEWART! SHE'LL PROBABLY **FORGET** ALL ABOUT ME!

MAN, **YOU** JUST LOST YOUR BIG PASH! THREE MONTHS FROM NOW, SHE'LL BE REFERIN' TO YOU AS WHAT'S-IZ-NAME, THE SCHOOL-BOY I USED TO GO WITH!

C'MON, JIT! I'VE GOTTA **WITHDRAW** ANGELPUSS' NAME!

SECONDS LATER--

I'M SORRY, YOUNG MAN, BUT ONCE A CONTESTANT'S NAME IS ENTERED, IT **CAN'T** BE WITHDRAWN-- EXCEPT BY **HER** REQUEST!

OH, FINE! WHAT A BIG FAT MESS **THIS** IS TURNIN' OUT TO BE!

LISTEN, COOK! MAYBE YOU CAN TALK ANGELPUSS INTO WITHDRAWIN'!

SO, LATER STILL--

W-WHAT CAN I **POSSIBLY** SAY, JIT, THAT'LL GET HER TO WITHDRAW FROM THE CONTEST?

TELL HER Y'GOT TO THINKIN' IT OVER AND Y' WOULDN'T WANT **HER** TO FEEL BAD IF SHE HAPPENED TO LOSE!

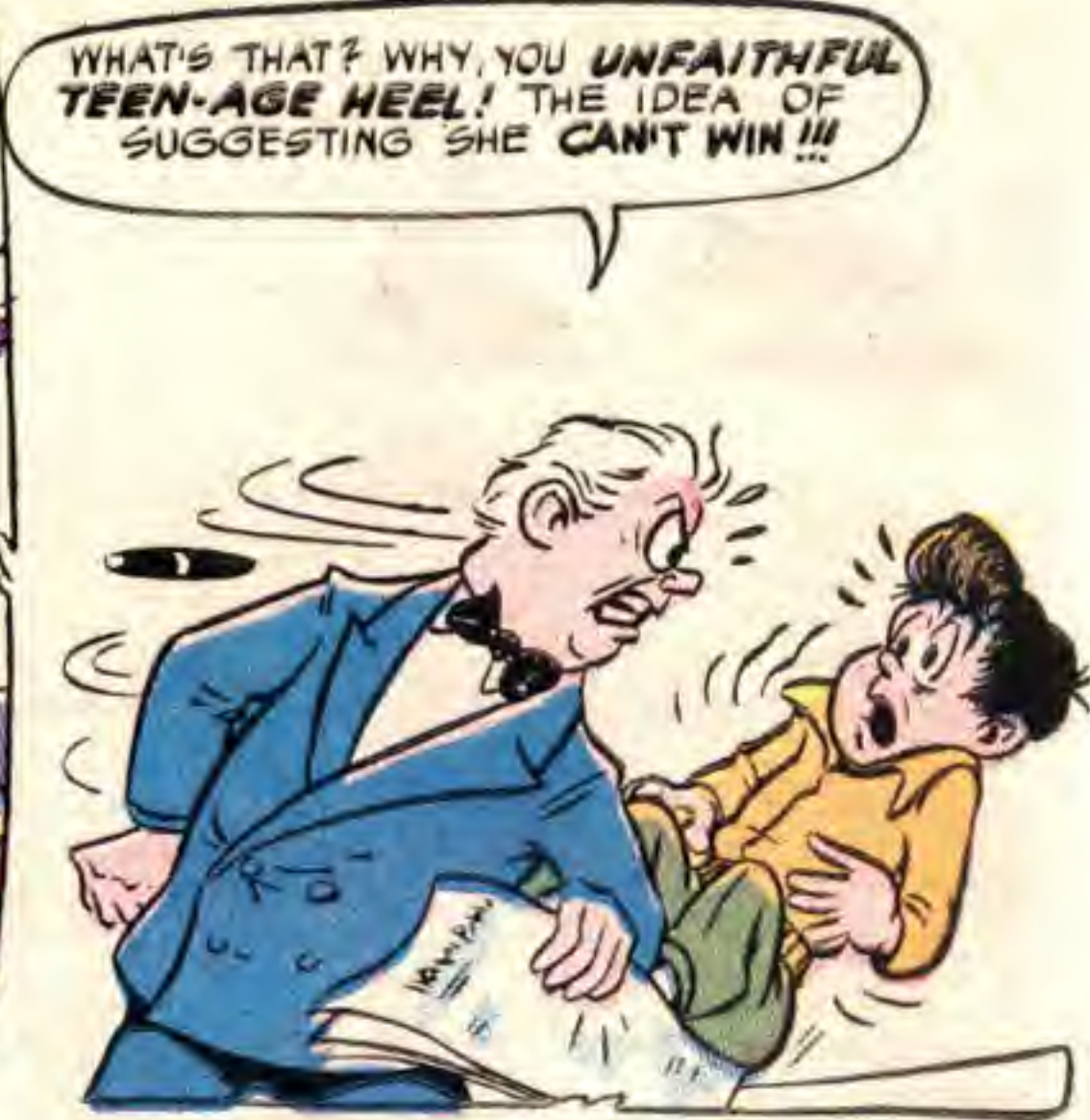
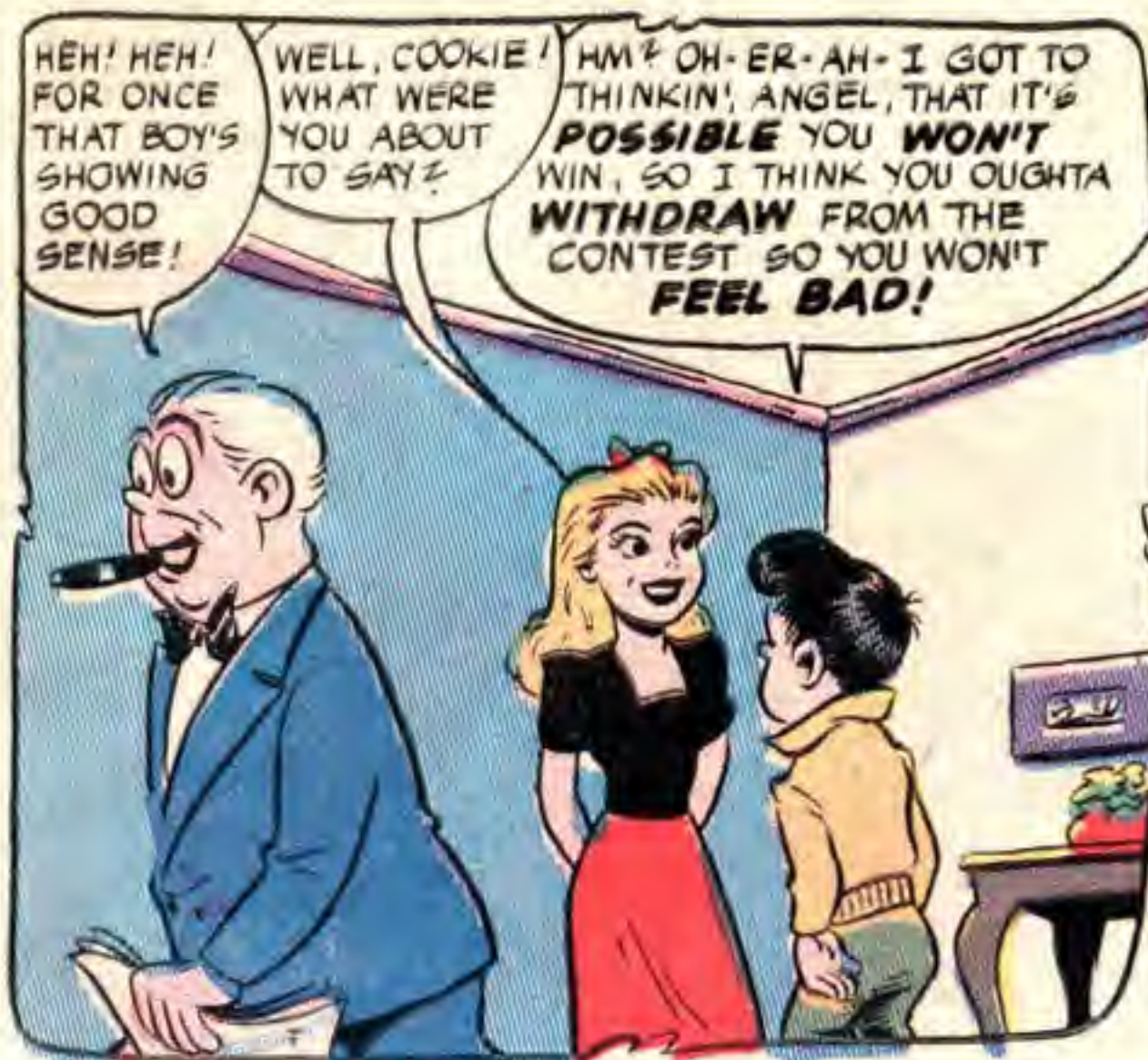
OKAY!

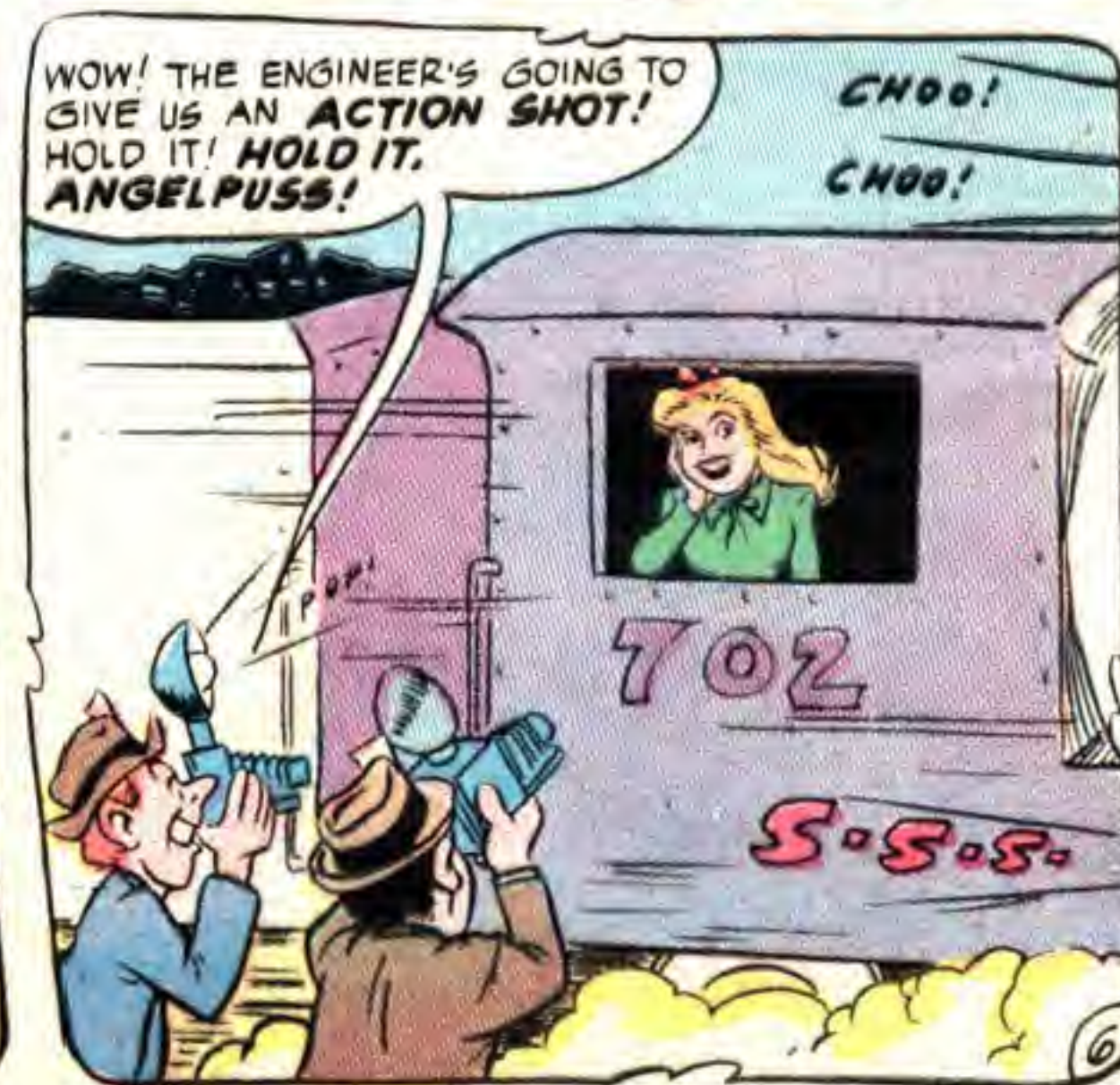
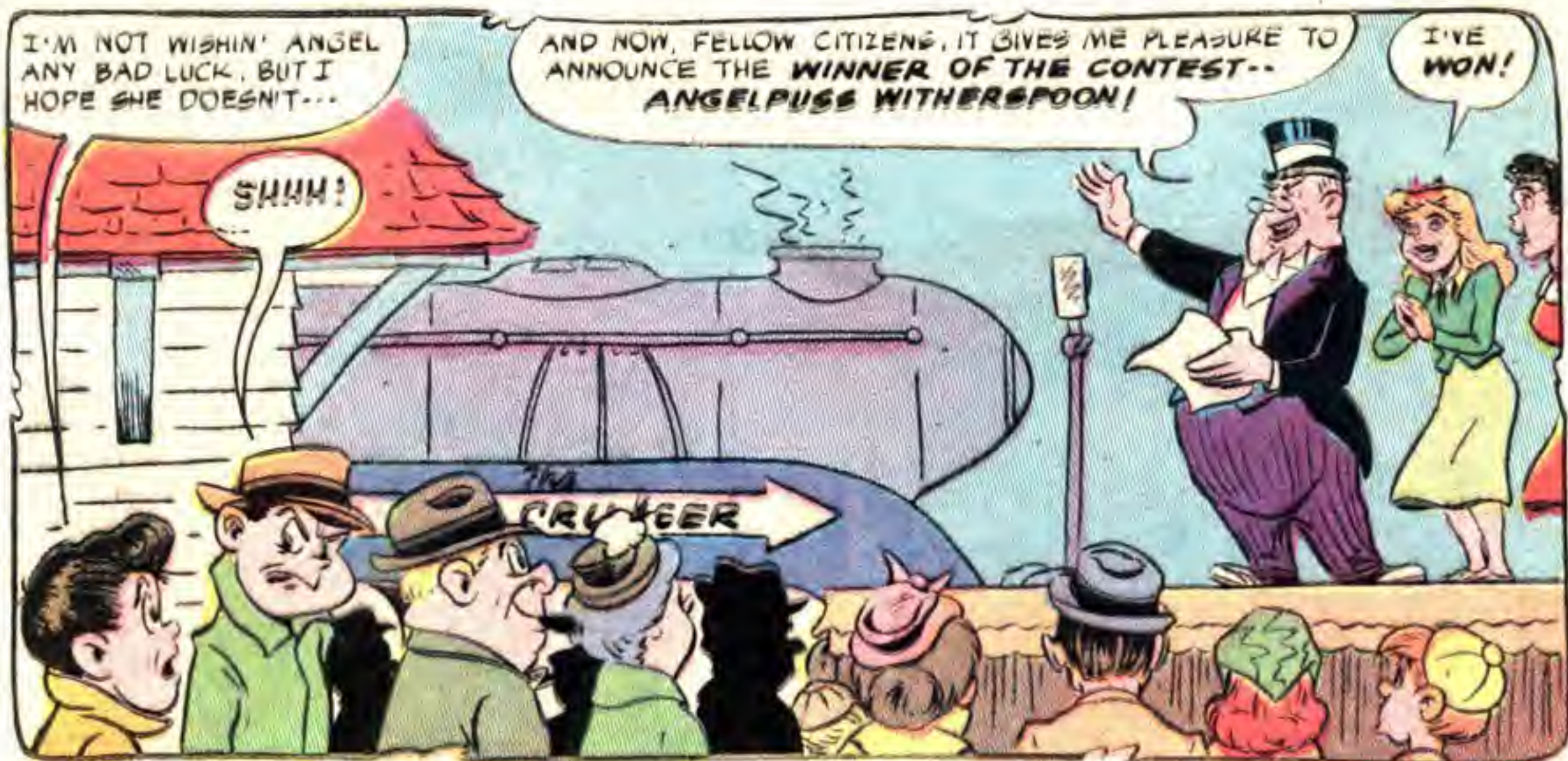
WHY, COOKIE! YOU'RE BACK! DID YOU ENTER ME IN THE CONTEST?

WELL- ER- AH-YEAH, ANGELPUSS. BUT--

WELL, WELL, MY BOY! ANGELPUSS HAS JUST TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR ENTERING HER IN THE CONTEST! YOUR HONEST DEVOTION TO HER AND YOUR COMPLETE CONFIDENCE IN HER ABILITY TO WIN SHOWS EXCELLENT JUDGMENT!

WHAP!

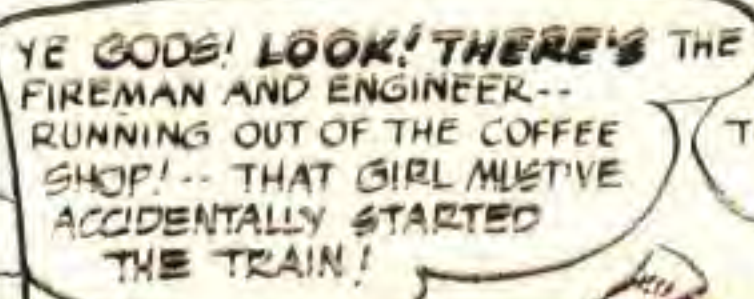






WOT THE? THE ENGINEER'S KEEPING **RIGHT** ON GOING!

THERE'S SOMETHING **WRONGS** WITH THIS, JOE!



YE GODS! LOOK! THERE'S THE FIREMAN AND ENGINEER-- RUNNING OUT OF THE COFFEE SHOP!-- THAT GIRL MUST'VE ACCIDENTALLY STARTED THE TRAIN!

HALP! THAT'S A RUNAWAY TRAIN AND THE WITHERSPOON GIRL'S ON IT!

WHOOSH!



GOOD GRIEF, THIS IS TERRIBLE! NOTIFY THE DISPATCHER TO KEEP THE TRACKS CLEAR! THERE'S 300 PEOPLE ABOARD 'ER BESIDES THAT GIRL!

SOMEBODY **DO** SOMETHING!

HALP!

HOLY COW! DIDJA HEAR **THAT**, JIT?



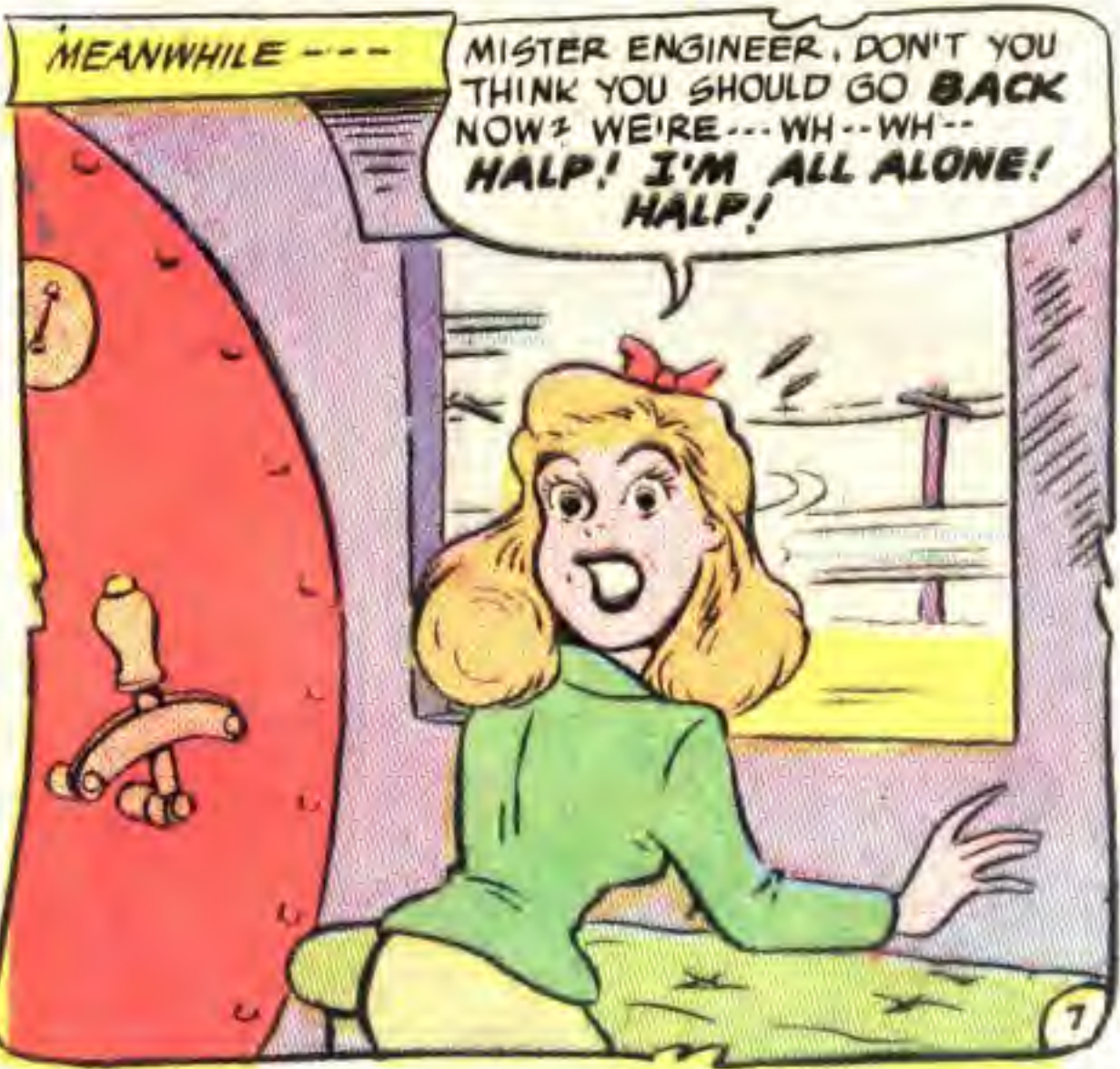
ANGELFUSS CAN BE KILLED IN THAT THING! ... C'MON, WE'VE GOTTA **SAVE** HER! THERE'S HER POP'S CAR! **YOU DRIVE!**



SECONDS LATER...

(GULP) WONDER WHAT HER POP SAID WHEN HE SAW US DRIVE OFF IN HIS CAR?

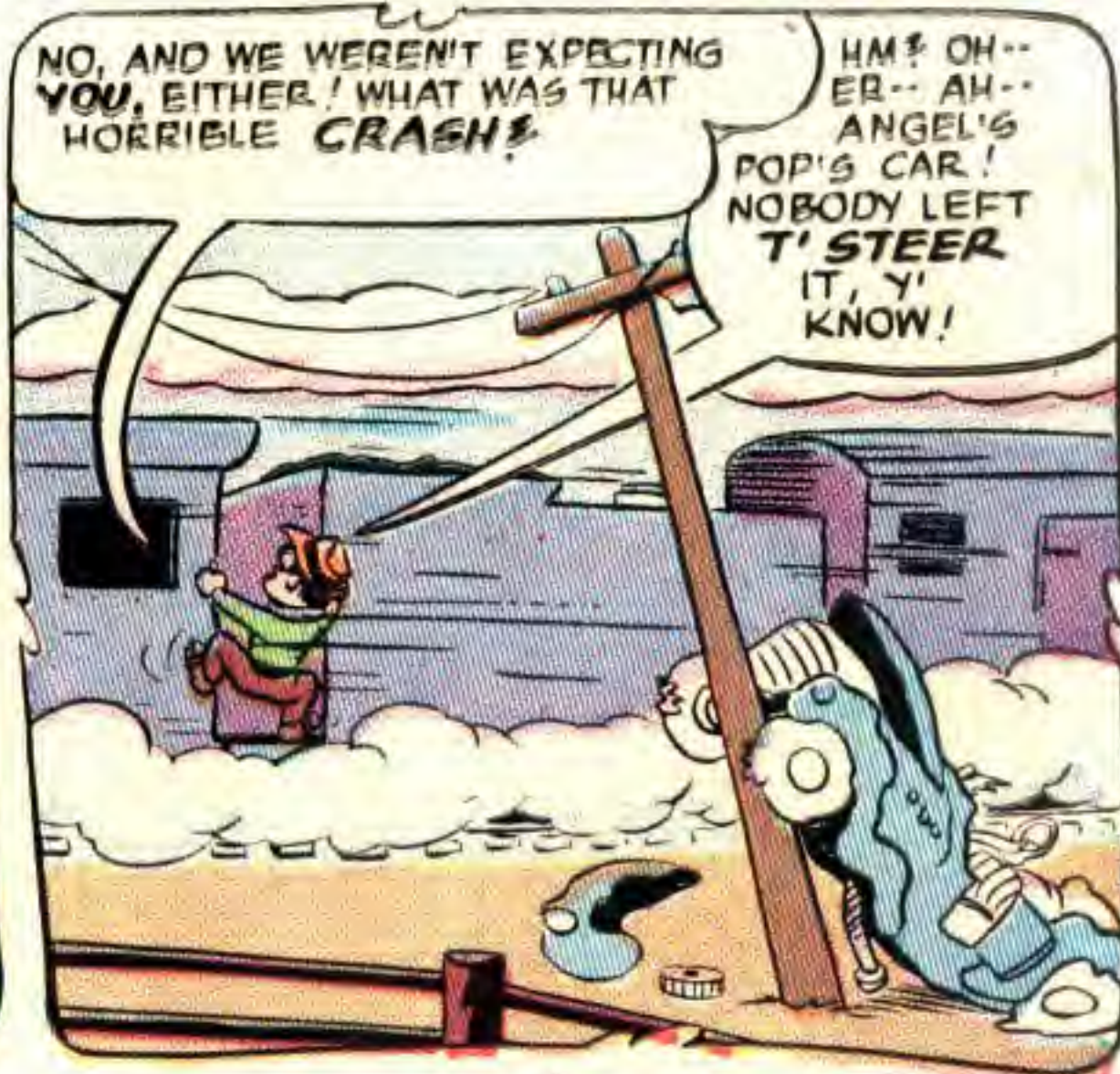
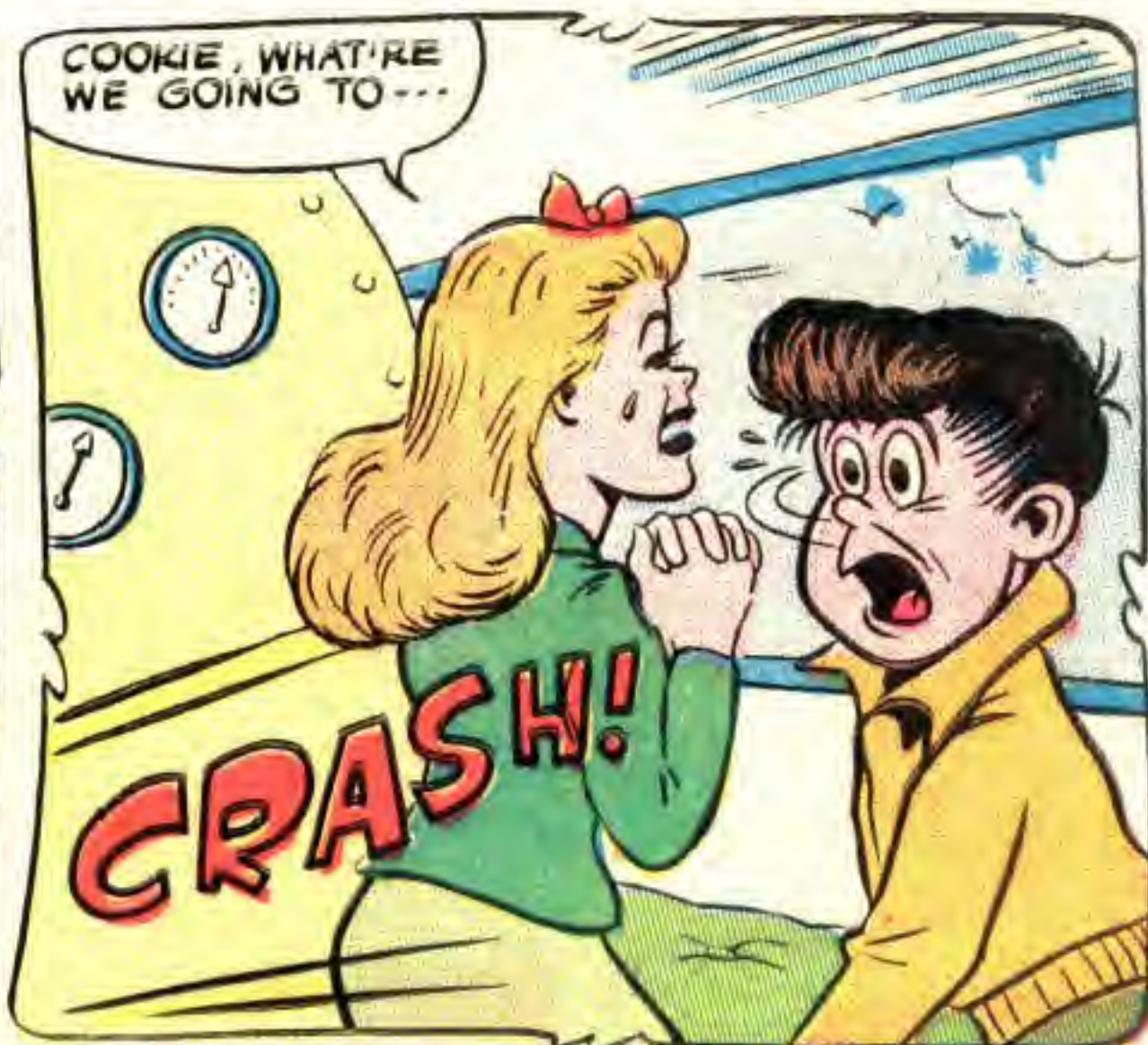
NOTHIN'! HE'D FAINTED ALREADY! **FASTER**, JIT! THIS ROAD PARALLELS THE TRACK ABOUT 5 MILES OUT AND WE'VE GOT TO CATCH IT BY THEN!



MEANWHILE ---

MISTER ENGINEER, DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD GO **BACK** NOW? WE'RE... WH--WH-- **HALP! I'M ALL ALONE! HALP!**

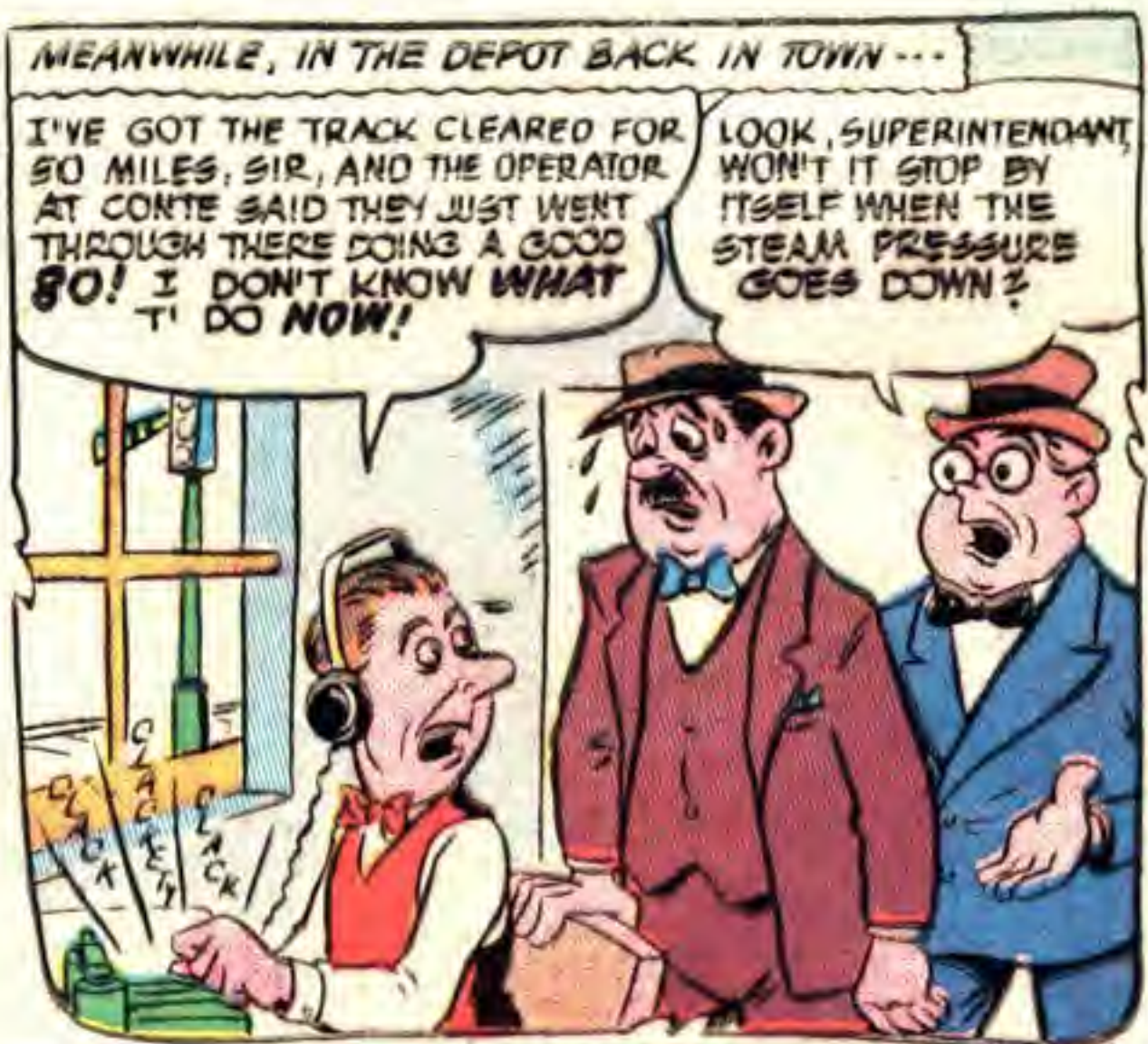






LOOK, JERK! WHEN I SAID Y' GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'-- I MEANT GET US HELP! BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE ON HERE WITH US, DO Y' KNOW HOW TO **STOP** THIS ENGINE?

WELL, I DID STOP AN ENGINE ONCE!... IT WAS ON MY ELECTRIC TRAIN! BUT I DON'T THINK **THIS** JOB STOPS THE SAME WAY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE DEPOT BACK IN TOWN...

I'VE GOT THE TRACK CLEARED FOR 50 MILES, SIR, AND THE OPERATOR AT CONTE SAID THEY JUST WENT THROUGH THERE DOING A GOOD 80! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW!

LOOK, SUPERINTENDANT, WON'T IT STOP BY ITSELF WHEN THE STEAM PRESSURE GOES DOWN?



NOT A CHANCE, WITHERSPOON! THAT LOCO IS AUTOMATICALLY STOKED! WHAT'S MORE, IF WE DON'T STOP IT BEFORE IT GETS TO THE DOWNGRADE AT HOLMS, IT'S THE END! IT'LL NEVER STAY ON ITS TRACKS!

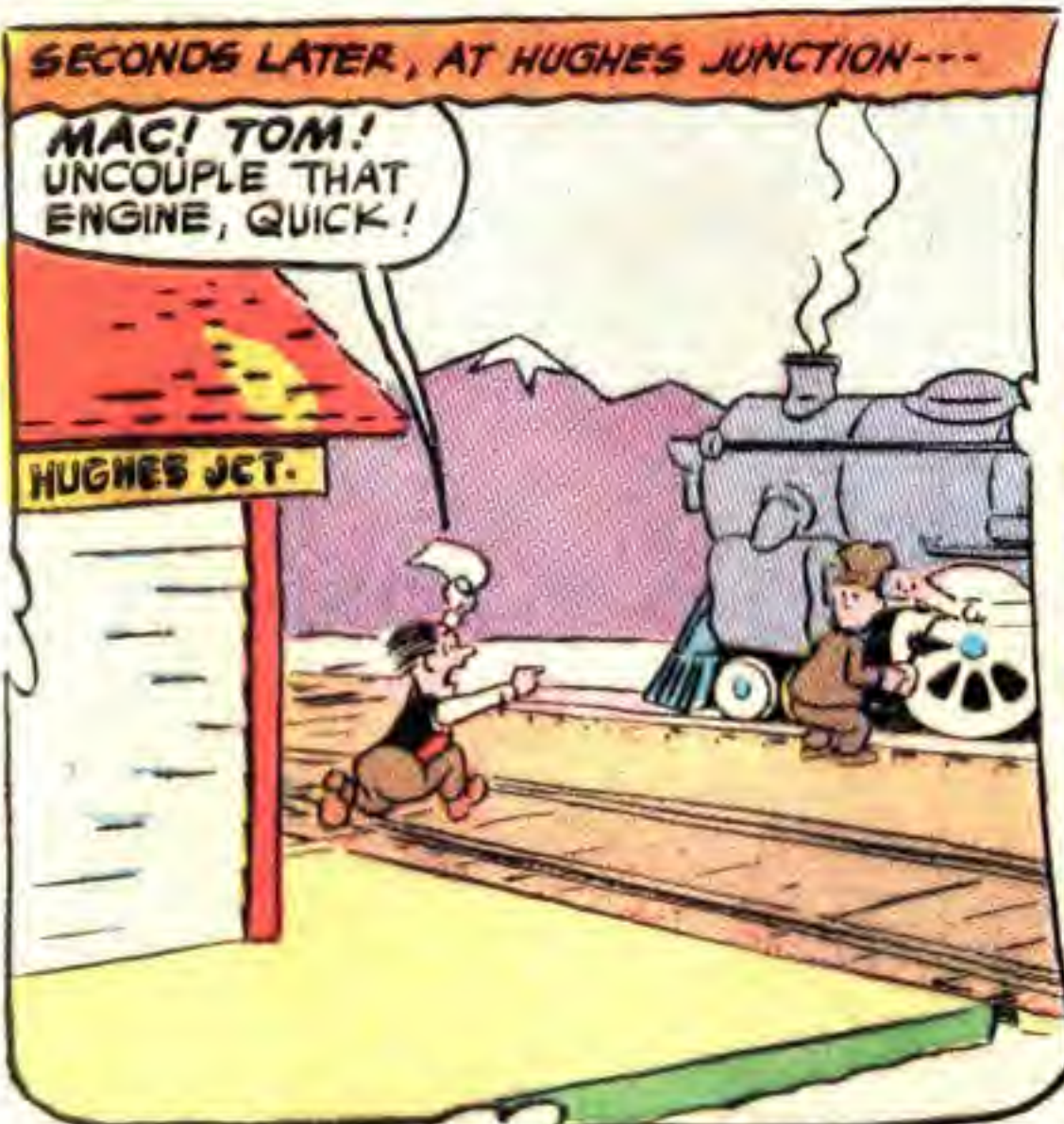
OH, MY POOR ANGEL!

SIR! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!



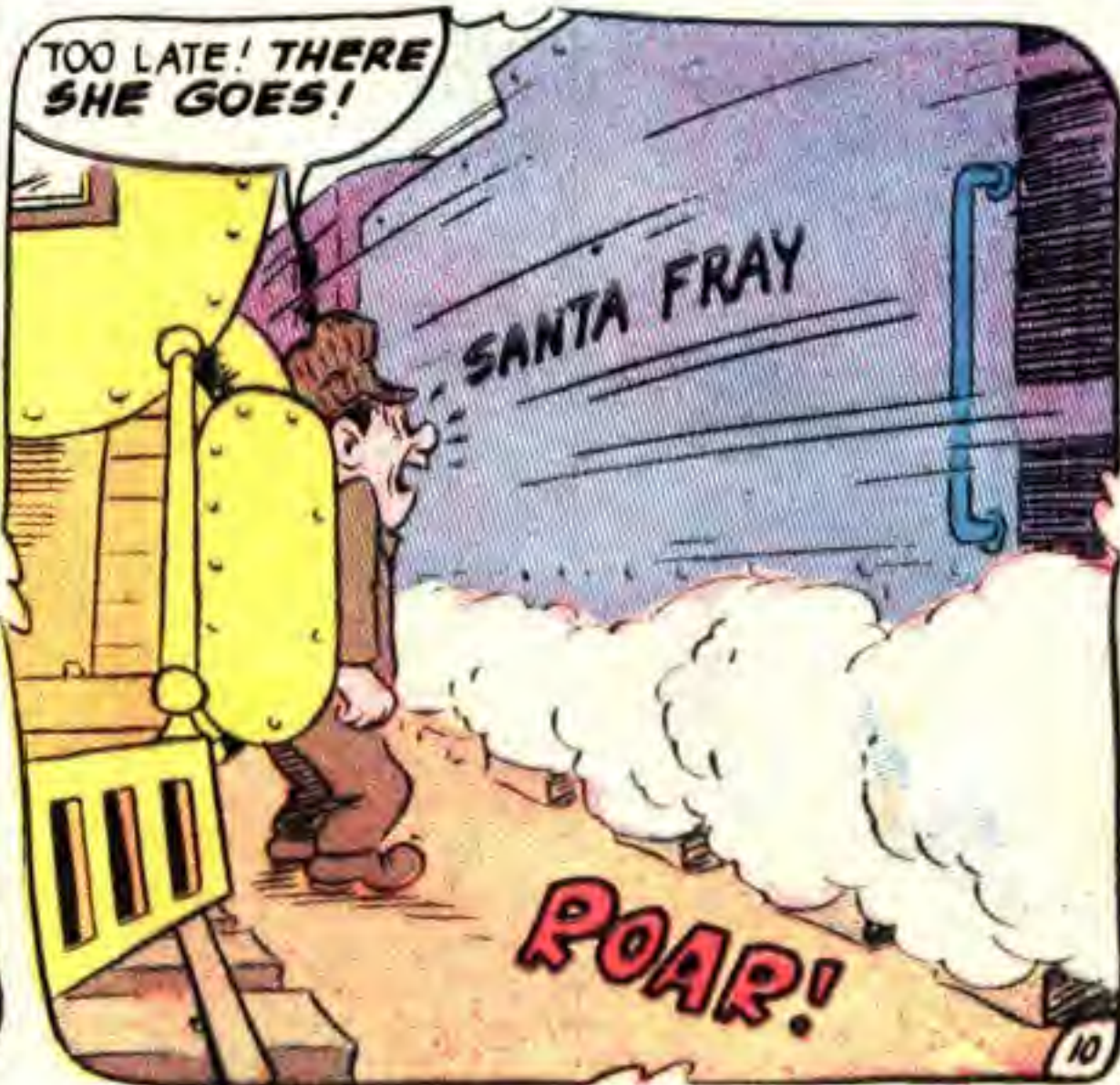
THERE'S A 15-MILE-LONG SIDING AT HUGHES JUNCTION, AND NO. 6, A LOCAL FREIGHT, IS ON IT! MAYBE WE CAN CONTACT THEM IN TIME TO CUT THE ENGINE OFF THE FREIGHT, AND LET IT GET A RUNNING START TO PARALLEL THE RAIL CRUISER LONG ENOUGH TO GET AN ENGINEER ONTO THE CRUISER!

THAT'S IT!



SECONDS LATER, AT HUGHES JUNCTION---

MAC! TOM! UNCOUPLE THAT ENGINE, QUICK!



TOO LATE! THERE SHE GOES!

SANTA FRAY

ROAR!

NOW BACK TO ANGEL'S POP & THE RAILROADMEN--

(GULP) TOO LATE, MEN! SHE ROARED THROUGH HUGHES JUNCTION BEFORE THEY COULD DO A THING! THERE'S STILL TWO MORE STATIONS-- PORTER AND HALLE-- BEFORE THEY HIT THE DOWNGRADE, BUT THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

ALL WE CAN DO NOW, WITHERSPOON, IS **HOPE!**



AND BACK TO COOKIE, ANGEL, AND JIT--

JIT! I'VE GOT IT! QUICK! HAVE YA GOT A PIECE OF **PAPER?**

YEAH, MY **REPORT CARD!**

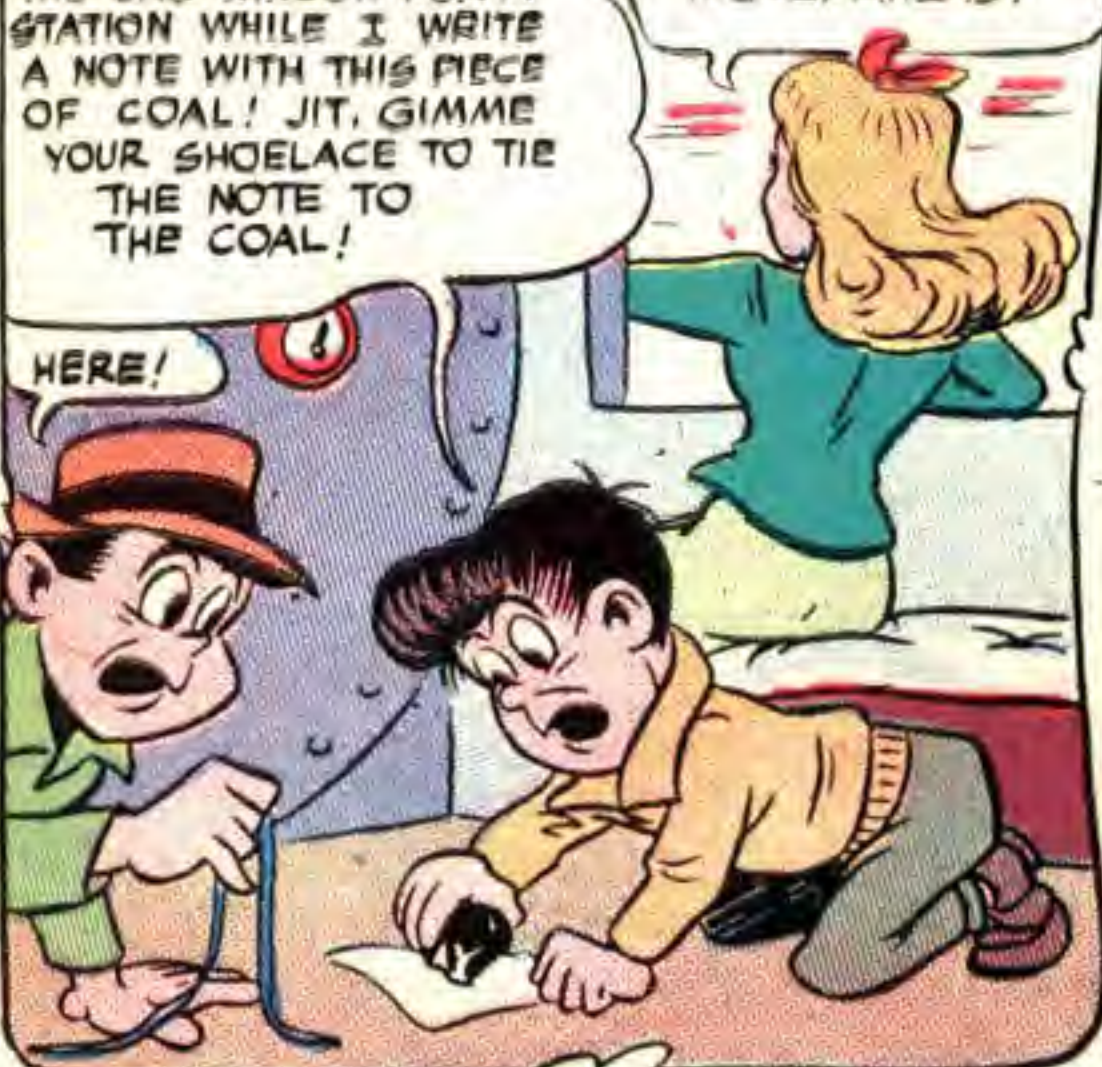
HERE, **COOKIE!**

SWELL! NOW GIMME A PIECE OF **COAL!**



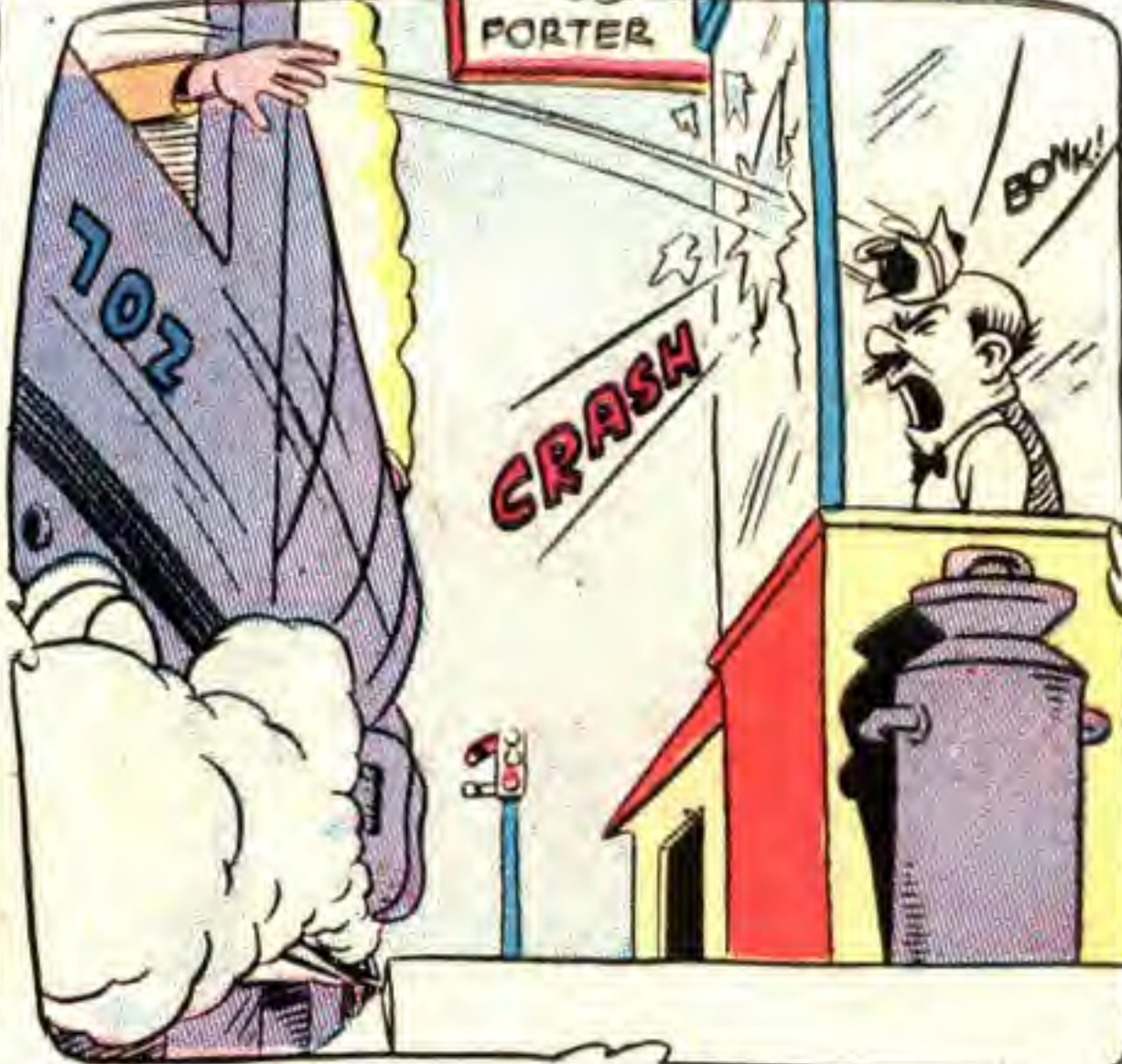
ANGELPUSS, WATCH OUT THE CAB WINDOW FOR A STATION WHILE I WRITE A NOTE WITH THIS PIECE OF **COAL!** JIT, GIMME YOUR SHOELACE TO TIE THE NOTE TO THE **COAL!**

COOKIE! A STATION! THERE, AHEAD!



HERE!

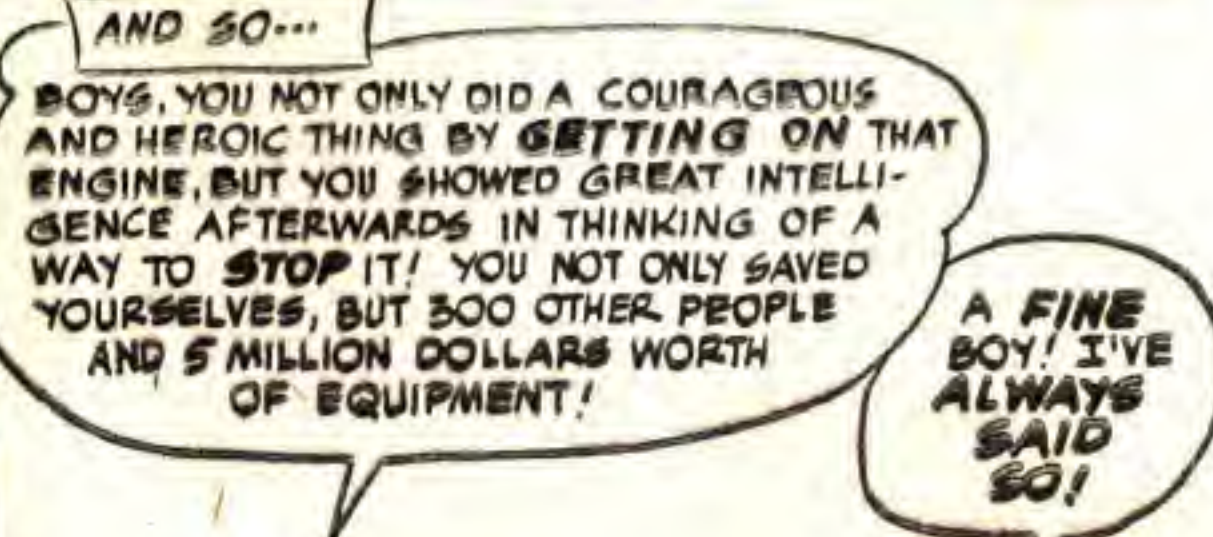
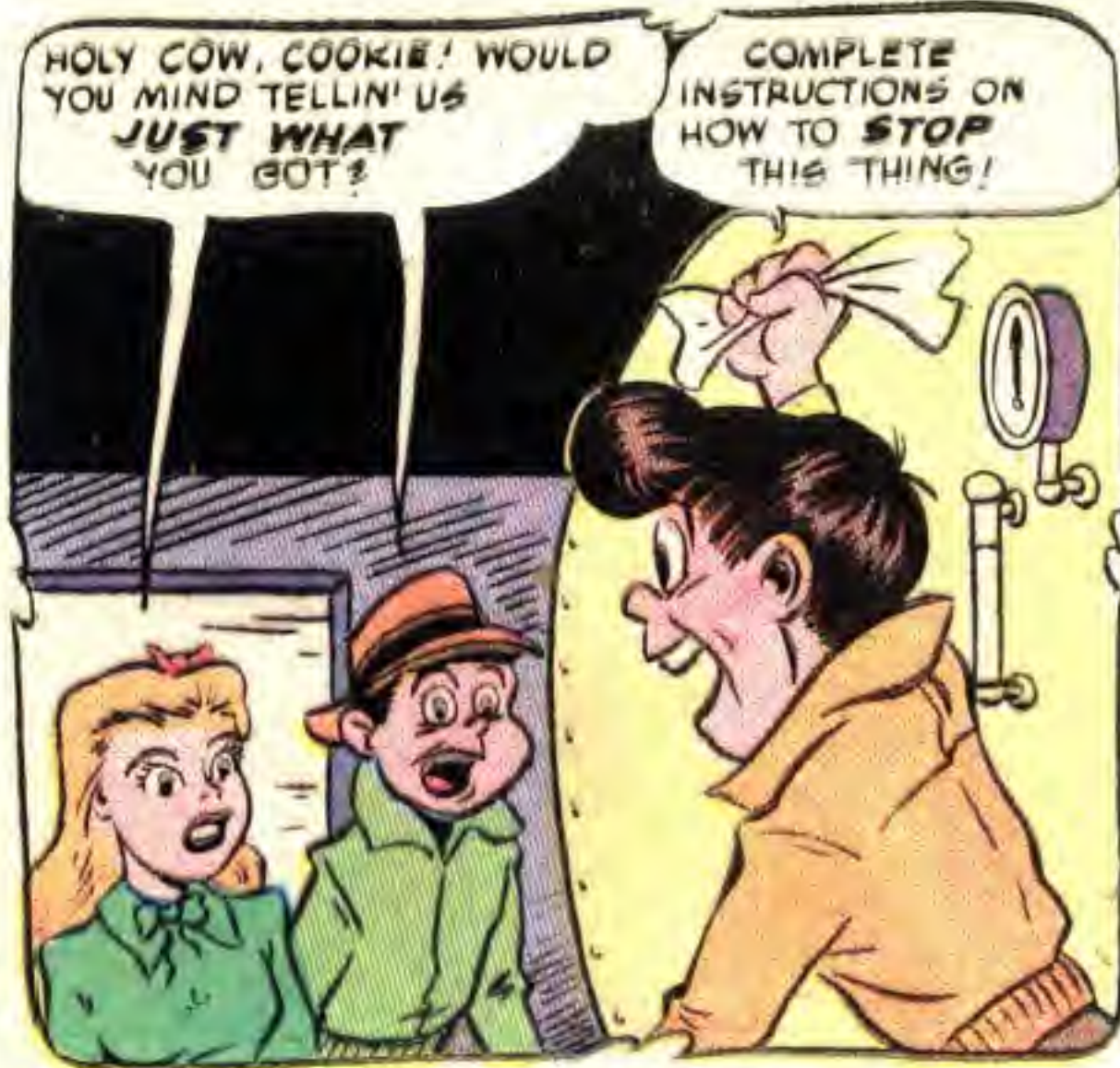
WHAT TH---? A NOTE WAS ATTACHED TO THAT HUNK OF... **YIPE!!!** I GOTTA CONTACT THE OPERATOR AT **HALLE!**



AND SECONDS LATER AT HALLE, THE **LAST STATION!**

GOTCHA, TONY! I'VE GOT IT ALL WRITTEN OUT-- AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON! **HERE SHE COMES!**





GULF!

IT WORKED! I GOT IT!

702

HOLY COW, COOKIE! WOULD YOU MIND TELLIN' US JUST WHAT YOU GOT?

COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO STOP THIS THING!

MINUTES LATER--

AND SO...

BOYS, YOU NOT ONLY DID A COURAGEOUS AND HEROIC THING BY GETTING ON THAT ENGINE, BUT YOU SHOWED GREAT INTELLIGENCE AFTERWARDS IN THINKING OF A WAY TO STOP IT! YOU NOT ONLY SAVED YOURSELVES, BUT 300 OTHER PEOPLE AND 5 MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF EQUIPMENT!

A FINE BOY! I'VE ALWAYS SAID SO!

AND I CAN SAFELY SAY THE RAILROAD WILL GIVE YOU A BIG REWARD FOR IT!

AND I'M GIVING YOU ONE, TOO, COOKIE! I'M NOT GOING ON THE TRIP!

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY CAR! I'LL BE GLAD TO REPLACE IT!

WELL, LOOK, AS LONG AS YOU'RE WILLIN' TO REPLACE THAT, WOULD YOU MIND REPLACIN' SOMETHIN' ELSE?

GLADLY, JITTER-BUCK! WHAT DO YOU WANT REPLACED?

MY SHOE-LACE!

HAW! WODDA CHARACTER!

THE END 12

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NO BOXTOP TO SEND...CUT 'EM RIGHT OFF THE PACKAGE

JIT'S MOM'S ROOMER

“NO MORE PENCILS, no more books! No more teachers' dirty looks!”

Jitterbuck Jones quietly sang this happy refrain as his chest expanded with happiness. What was more wonderful, more exhilarating, more joyful than a summer vacation? Nothing!

As he sang his song of freedom again, Jit added, “Especially no more Miss Latch!” For Miss Latch had made his life unbearable all through the long, dreary school months, driving Jit to the verge of madness.

“Boy, did she ever pick on me!” he reminisced, recalling the teacher's sarcastic smile whenever there was talking or whispering in the classroom.

“I suppose our talkative student, Mr. Jones, is at the bottom of this, as usual!” she would remark acidly. “Well, Mr. Jones, since you seem to have so much to say, perhaps you will honor us *all* with a few words! Would you be so kind as to recite the first ten theorems for us?”

In vain, Jit would try to protest his innocence in the matter of whispering. Miss Latch evidently had it in for him and would not listen. In fact, she considered his efforts to explain a mark of further insubordination and would add, “And if, for some reason, you find it impossible to recite those theorems, will you kindly arrange to stay in after school until you *have* mastered them?”

“I think I spent more time stayin' after school than in class!” Jit remembered. “That old horseface made a regular *prisoner* out of me!”

He shuddered at the very recollection of Miss Latch. Then, Jit smiled. Glancing around his room affectionately, he could have kissed the floors and walls. School was out!

“I'll never see that face again,” he

chortled. “I won't hafta hear that voice, orderin' me around, makin' me feel dumb or bad! I won't be sick every mornin' like I was when I had to go to school an' see *her*! I'm *free*!”

The sudden realization of his freedom felt like a big pitcher of happiness, just spilling all over inside of him. So elated was Jit that he leaped to his feet, opened his mouth as wide as it would stretch and yelled at the top of his lungs, “I'm *free*! Wheeeeeeeeeee!”

“Jitterbuck Jones, *stop* that!” Mrs. Jones, looking worried, appeared at his doorway. “You'll have to stop making all that noise from now on! I forgot to tell you that I just rented the empty bedroom to a roomer for the summer, and this roomer demands *quiet*!”

“You mean the room next to mine?” Jit inquired, deeply interested. “Well who is it, mom? Gosh, you didn't tell me...”

“Just *what* is the meaning of that disgraceful racket?” an acid voice demanded, as a pair of sharp knuckles rapped the wall. “I won't *have* it, I tell you!”

“No!” Jit gasped. “You...you rented that room to...Miss Latch! Look, mom, no hard feelin's, see, but alluva sudden, I've gotta leave home! I...I'm *desperate*, mom!”

“So *this* is the quiet home I was promised,” the acid voice continued, as Jit's heart fell down into the toes of his shoes. “Well, I'm not staying here another moment! Of all the Joneses in town, why did I select *this* one?”

“She recognized my voice an' she's movin'!” Jit's heart soared up into place again. “Boy-oh-boy, what a swell vacation this is gonna be!”

POP KNOWS

... OR DOES HE?

POP, WILL YOU FIX THE STRAP ON MY ROLLER SKATE?

SURE, SON!



GEE, POP! WHERE DID ROLLER SKATES COME FROM?

WHY, A MAN BY THE NAME OF **ROLLER** INVENTED 'EM!

HE **DID**? GEE, **HOW**, POP? HOW DID HE KNOW HOW TA INVENT ROLLER SKATES?

HM! HE...ER...AH! WELL, IT'S A **LONG** STORY, SON! TELL YOU WHAT, SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL IT TO YOU!



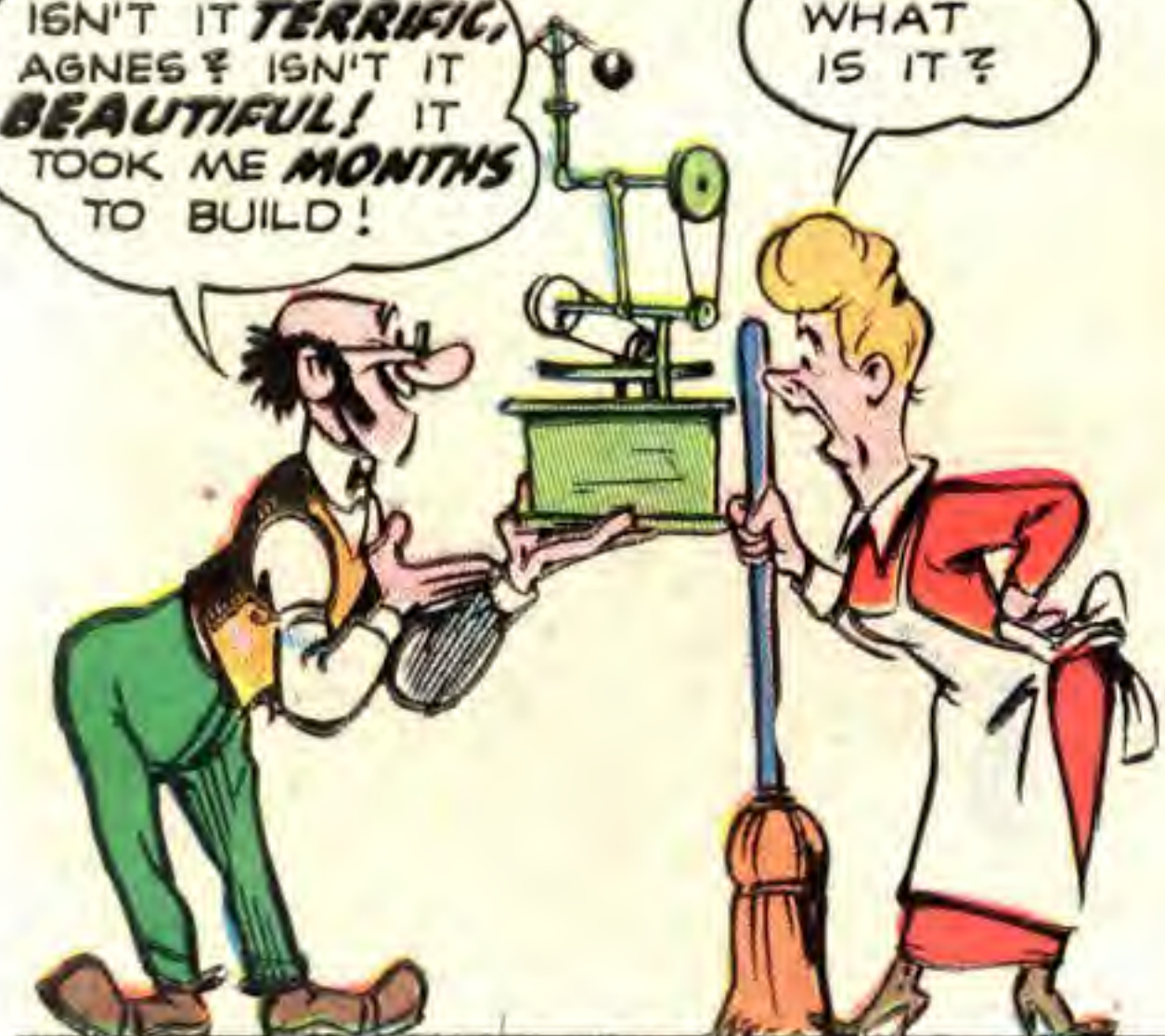
A LONG TIME AGO, THERE WAS A MAN NAMED ROLLER WHO LOVED TO TINKER WITH THINGS!

NOW IF I CAN JUST GET THE PISTARIS GEAR CONNECTED TO THE DERRY WHEEL...AH!
OOF! **THERE!**



ISN'T IT **TERRIFIC**, AGNES? ISN'T IT **BEAUTIFUL**? IT TOOK ME **MONTHS** TO BUILD!

WHAT IS IT?



I'VE DONE IT!
AGNES, QUICK! LOOK!
LOOK! I'VE DONE
IT! **IT'S FINISHED!**

I DON'T KNOW!

I KNEW IT! IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY! YOU TINKER AROUND FOR MONTHS WITH THINGS THAT ARE **WORTHLESS** AND NEVER MAKE ANY MONEY!



THIS TINKERING AROUND HAS GOT TO STOP! IF I CATCH YOU DOING IT ANYMORE, IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR **YOU!** WE'RE STARVING-- AND **YOU PLAY WITH TOOLS!**

Y-YES, MY DEAR! NO MORE TINKERING!



BUT OLD SILAS ROLLER LOVED TO TINKER AND MAKE THINGS SO MUCH, THAT HE CONTINUED IN SECRET! THEN ONE DAY...

GOLLY! **THIS** IS THE BEST THING I'VE **EVER** MADE!...I THINK I'LL CALL IT A **ROLLING PIN** IN HONOR OF MYSELF AND ALSO BECAUSE IT **LOOKS** LIKE A ROLLING PIN!

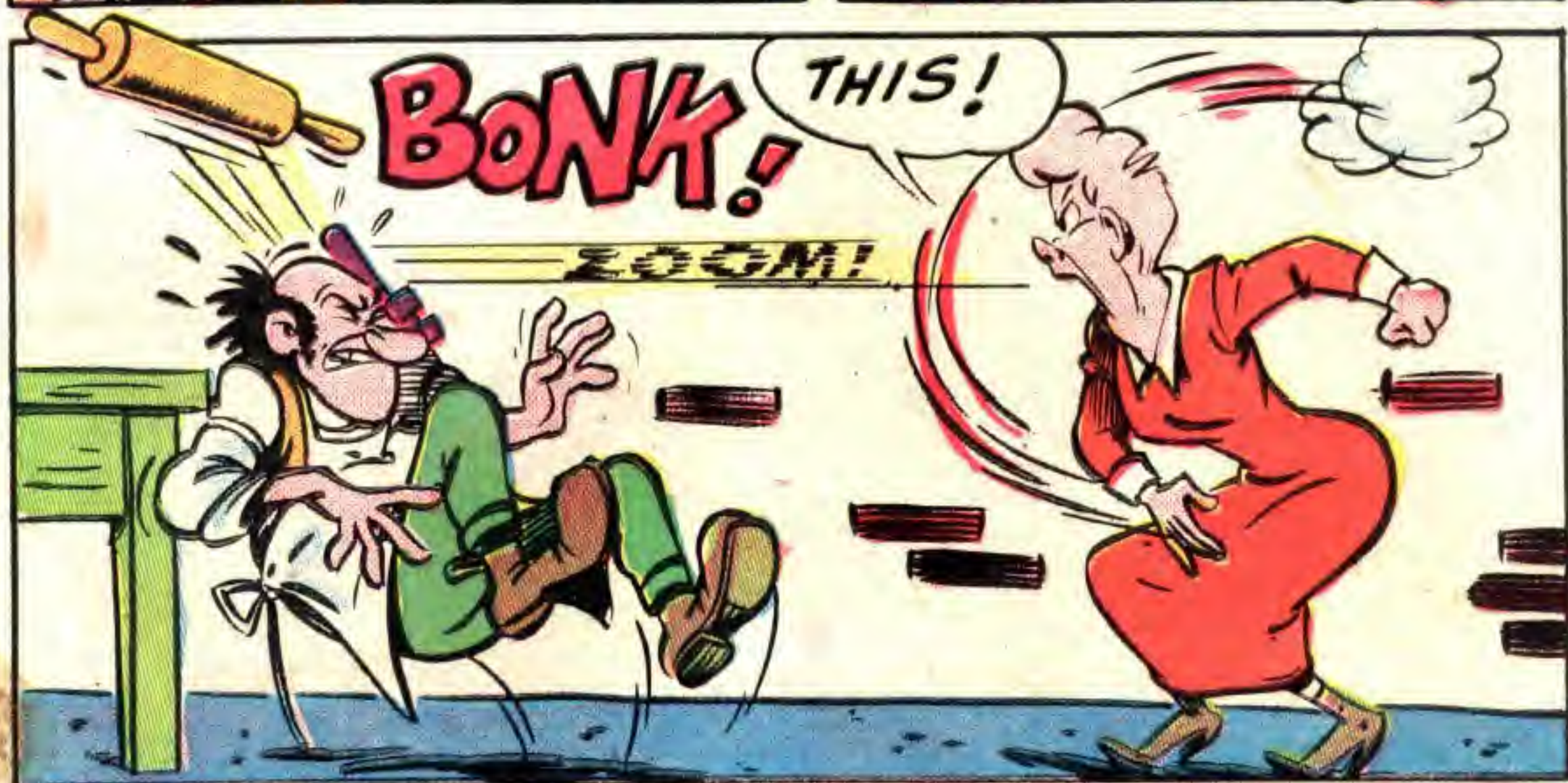


AH-HA, SILAS ROLLER!
I'VE CAUGHT YOU
TINKERING AGAIN!
WHAT USELESS GAD-
GET HAVE YOU
MADE **THIS**
TIME?

ULP! IF I TELL
HER I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THIS IS
FOR, SHE'LL GIVE
ME WHAT
FOR!

IT'S A-A--
ROLLING PIN,
DEAR! I MADE
IT ESPECIALLY
FOR **YOU**! I
THINK YOU'LL
FIND IT VERY HANDY
IN MAKIN' **PIE-
CRUST**!

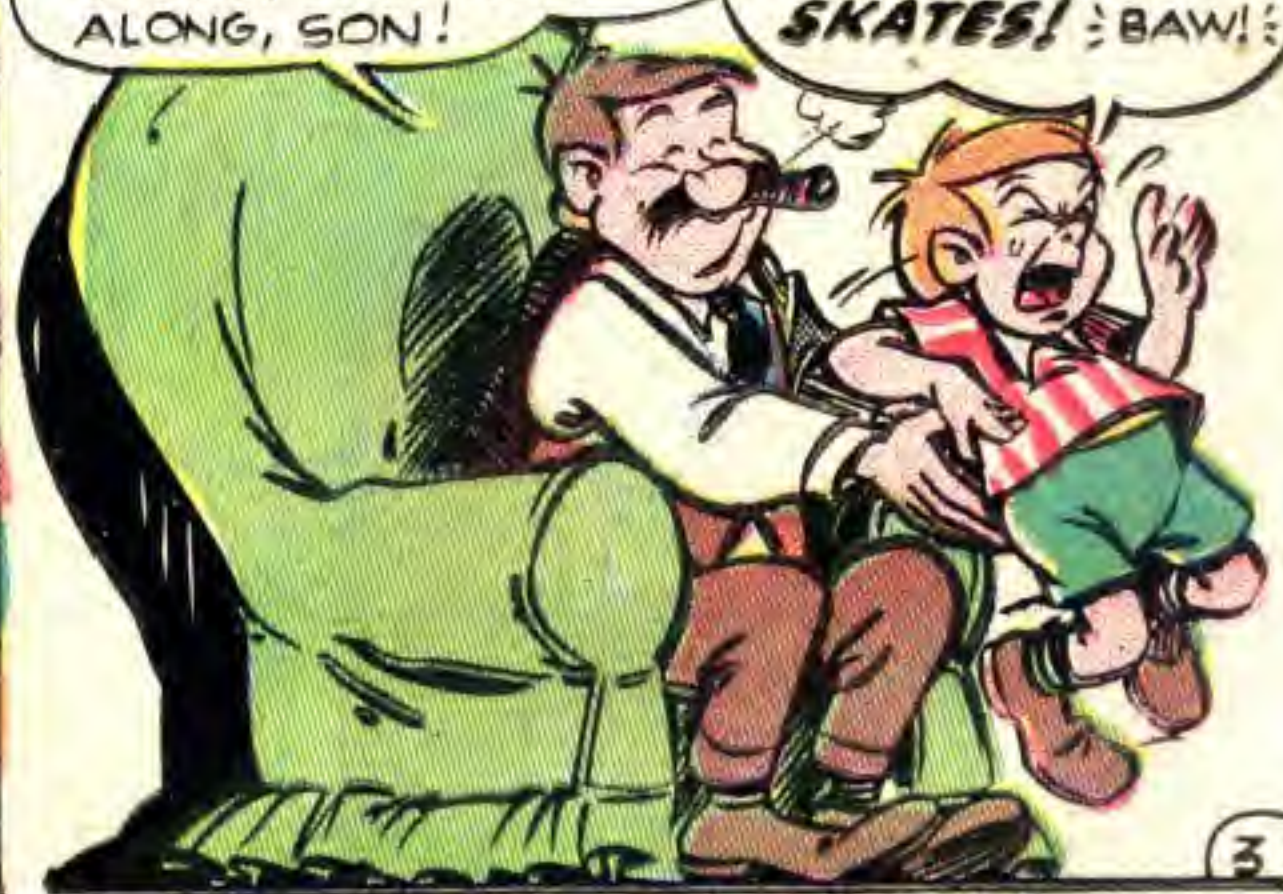
FOR MAKING PIE-CRUST,
EH? WELL, I KNOW A
BETTER USE FOR
IT!



NOW LET **THAT** BE A LESSON
TO YOU! FROM NOW ON, EVERY TIME
I CATCH YOU **TINKERING** AND NOT
MAKING MONEY, YOU'LL GET THIS
ROLLING PIN ON
THE
KONK!

AND THAT'S HOW THE
ROLLING PIN, THE MOST
USEFUL OF ALL HOUSE-
HOLD GADGETS, WAS IN-
VENTED! NOW RUN
ALONG, SON!

BAW! I DIDN'T
WANNA KNOW
ABOUT THE
ROLLING PIN--I
SAID **ROLLER
SKATES!** BAW!



ROLLER **SKATES?** OH, YES! ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT! STOP YELLING AND I'LL
TELL YOU!...HM! WHERE WAS I---?
OH, YES!



WELL, ALTHO POOR OLD SILAS ROLLER KNEW HIS
MEAN WIFE WOULD KONK HIM WITH THE ROLLING PIN,
HE JUST HAD TO KEEP ON TINKERING...

I CAN'T STOP TINKERING BECAUSE I
LOVE TO MAKE THINGS, SO I'LL HIDE HERE
IN THE WOODSHED! SHE'LL NEVER
THINK OF LOOKING HERE!



≡ GULP! ≡ SHE THOUGHT
OF THE WOODSHED BEFORE
I DID! IT'S NO USE
TRYING TO HIDE FROM
HER!



I'VE GOT IT! I LOVE TO
MAKE THINGS, SO I'LL MAKE
SOMETHING THAT WILL **PROTECT**
ME FROM HER ROLLING
PIN!



SO THAT NIGHT, AFTER HIS MEAN OLD WIFE WAS
ASLEEP, SILAS ROLLER WENT TO WORK...



SO THE NEXT DAY...

SO! TINKERING
AGAIN, EH?

OKAY,
I WARNED
YOU!

WHAT ELSE?



OW! OW! OW!
MY HAND!
OW!

NOTHING LIKE
A **STEEL DERBY**
TO KEEP A
ROLLING PIN
FROM HURTING
A GUY!

SO MISTER ROLLER NAMED HIS NEW
STEEL HAT THE **ROLLER DERBY** AND
THAT WAS THE FIRST **ROLLER DERBY**
IN THE WORLD---SINCE THEN
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE HAVE
SEEN **ROLLER DERBIES**
ON TELEVISION! NOW GO
AWAY AND LET DADDY
READ!

BAW! I
WON'T GO 'WAY!
I WON'T UNTIL
YOU TELL ME
ABOUT **ROLLER
SKATES!**



YOU SAID YOU'D TELL
ME HOW **ROLLER SKATES**
FIRST STARTED, AND
YOU HAVEN'T! BAW!
I WANTA KNOW ABOUT
**SKATES! SKATES!
SKATES!**

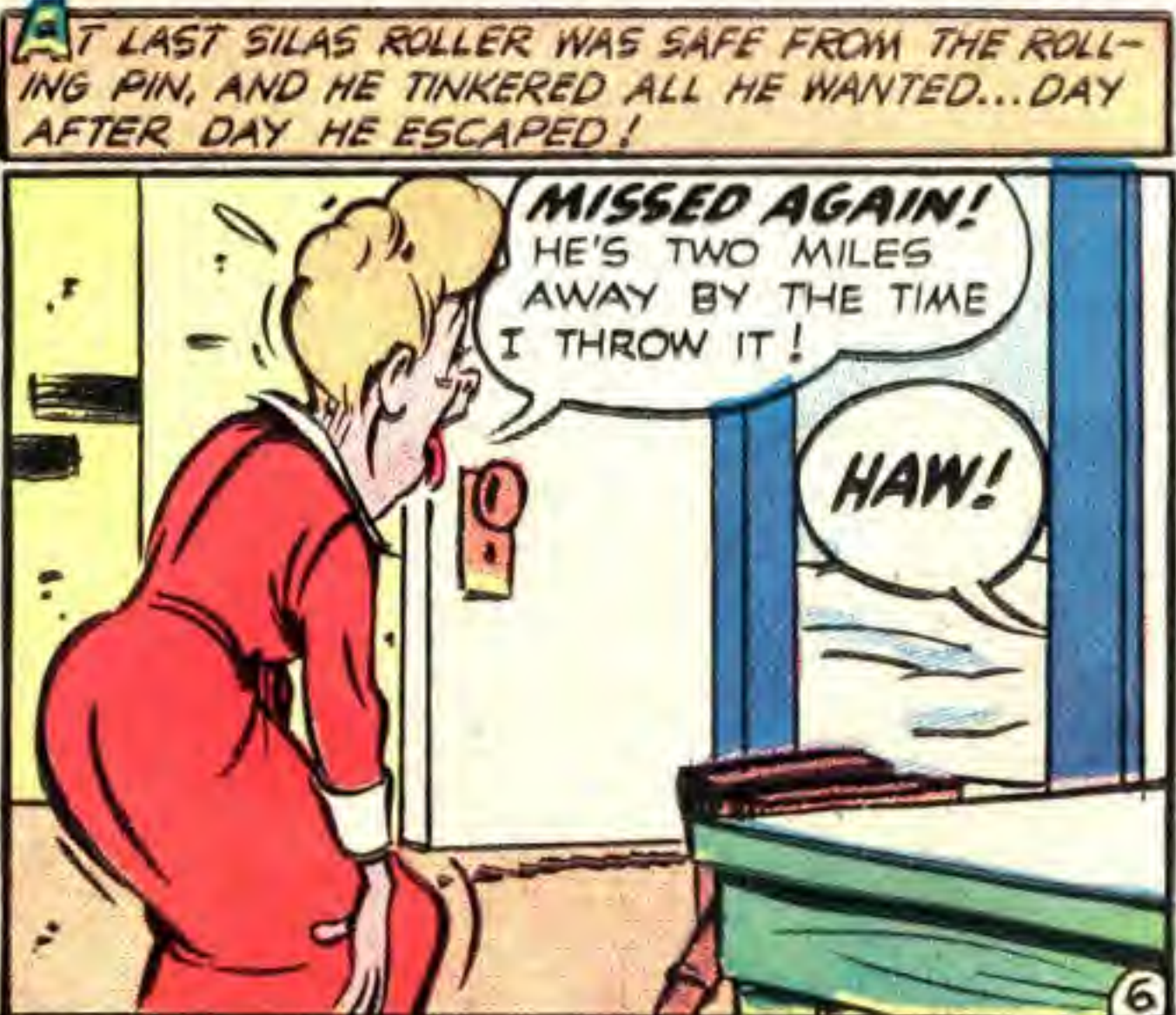
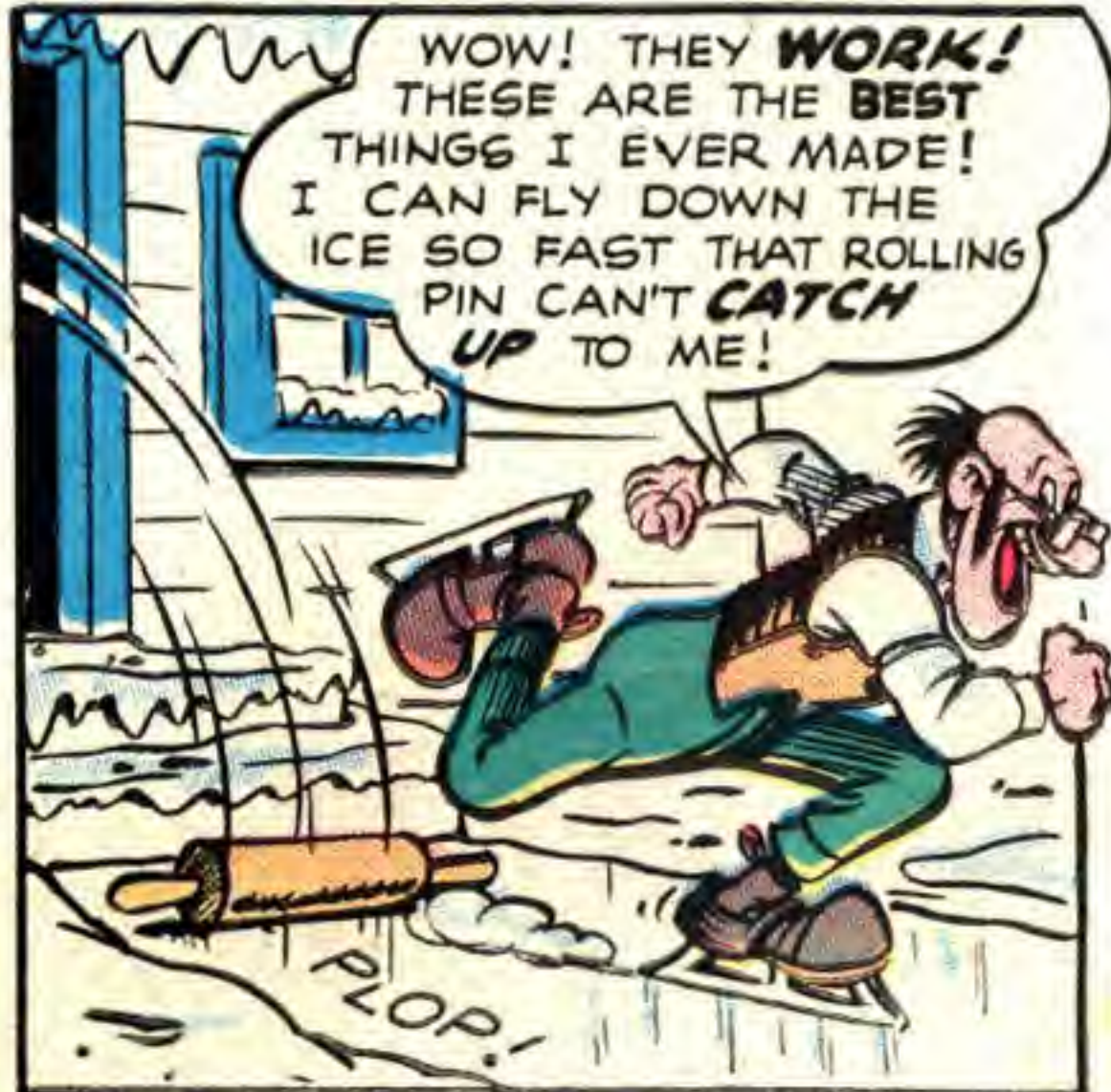
**ALL RIGHT!
SKATES
IT IS!**



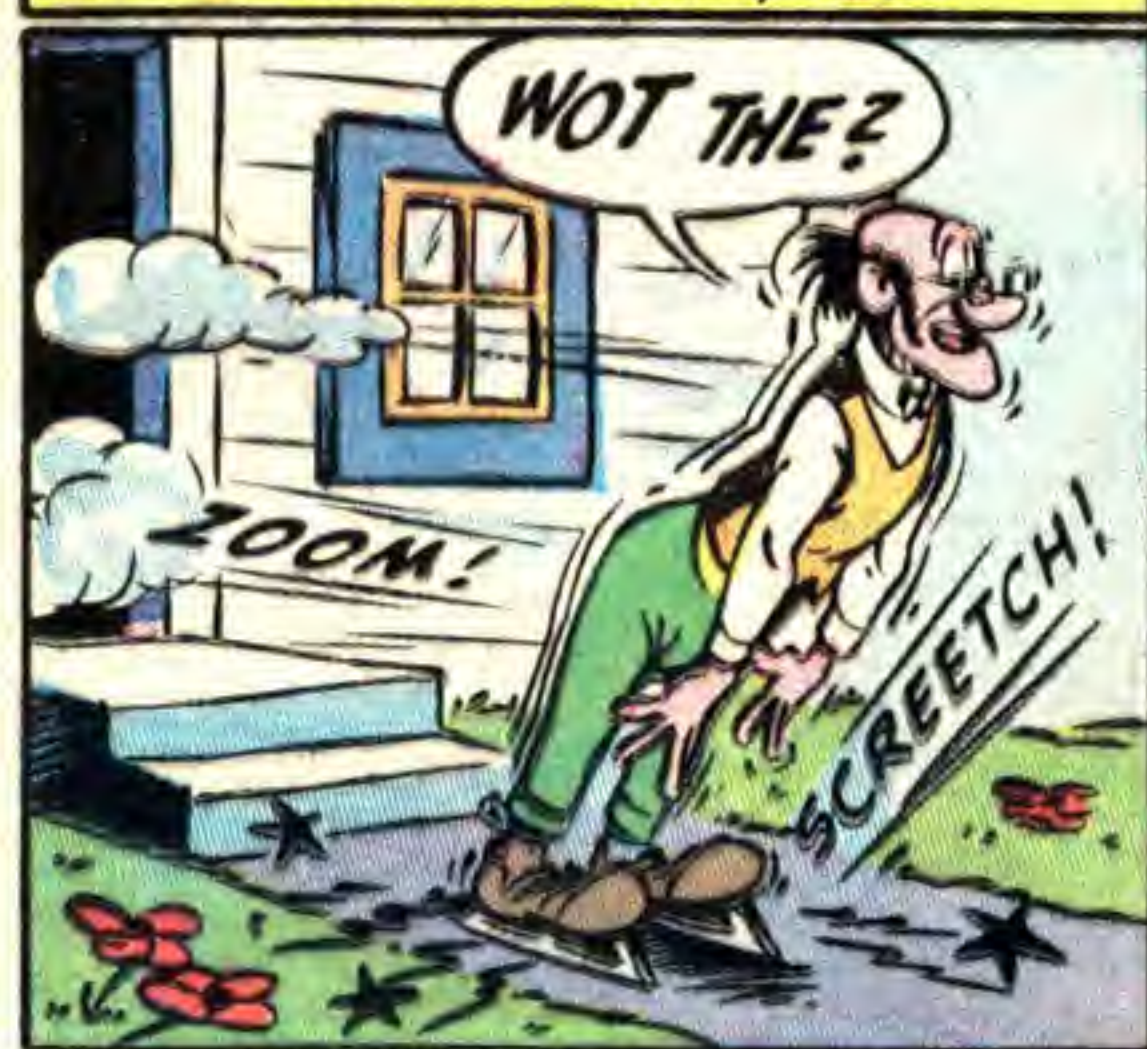
WELL, THE FIRST THING MRS. ROLLER
DID WAS TO GET RID OF THE **STEEL HAT!** SHE
HID IT WHEN POOR OLD ELIAS WAS SLEEPING...

MY **STEEL DERBY'S** GONE...
NOW I'LL HAVE TO THINK UP
SOME **OTHER** WAY TO ESCAPE
FROM THAT **ROLLING PIN!**
LET'S SEE---EVER SINCE SHE
HURT HER HAND, SHE QUIT
SLUGGING
WITH THE
PIN AND
THROWS
IT AT ME
INSTEAD!





WHEN ONE DAY, WHEN HIS WIFE THREW THE ROLLING PIN AT HIM, HE...



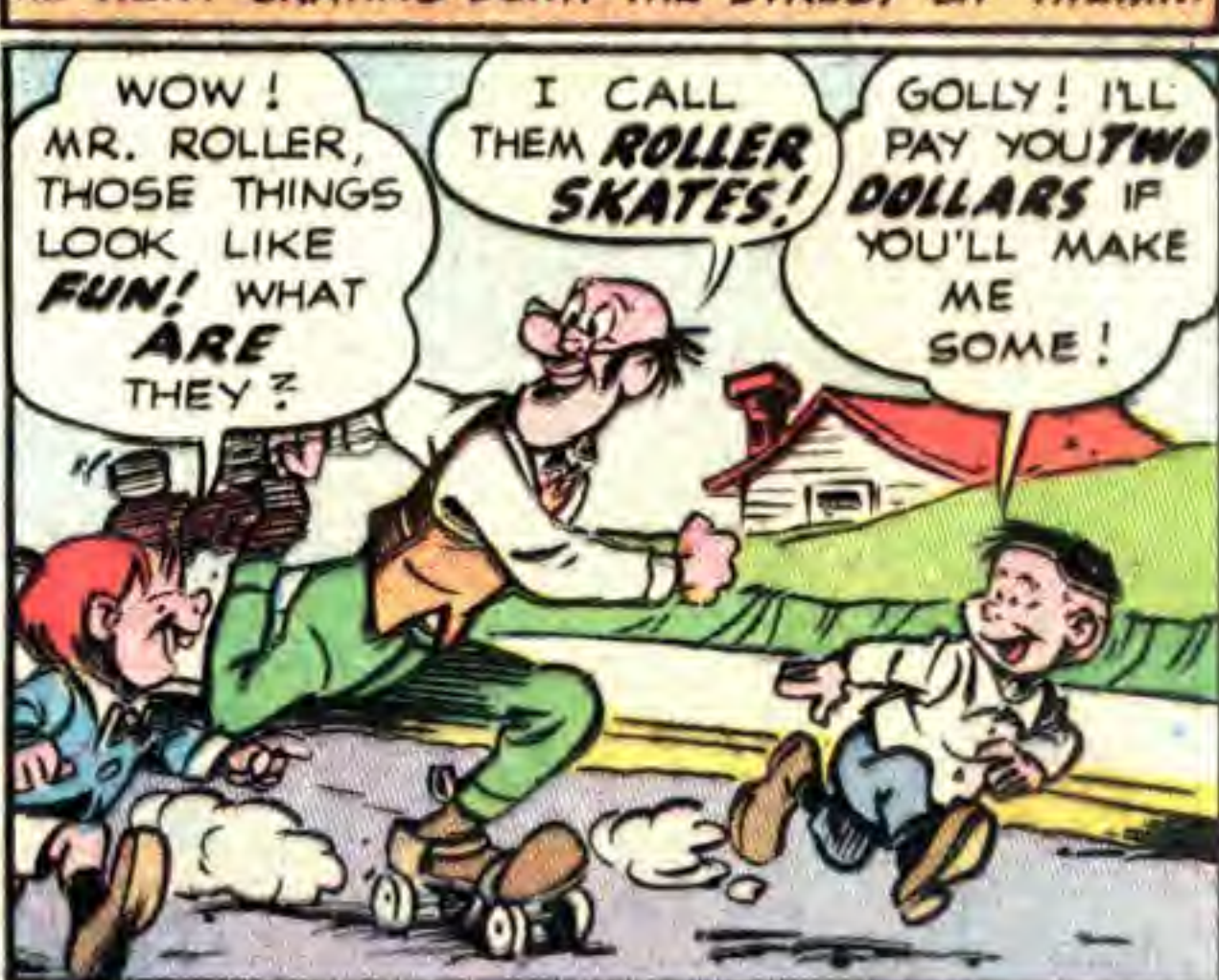
HE DIDN'T ESCAPE!



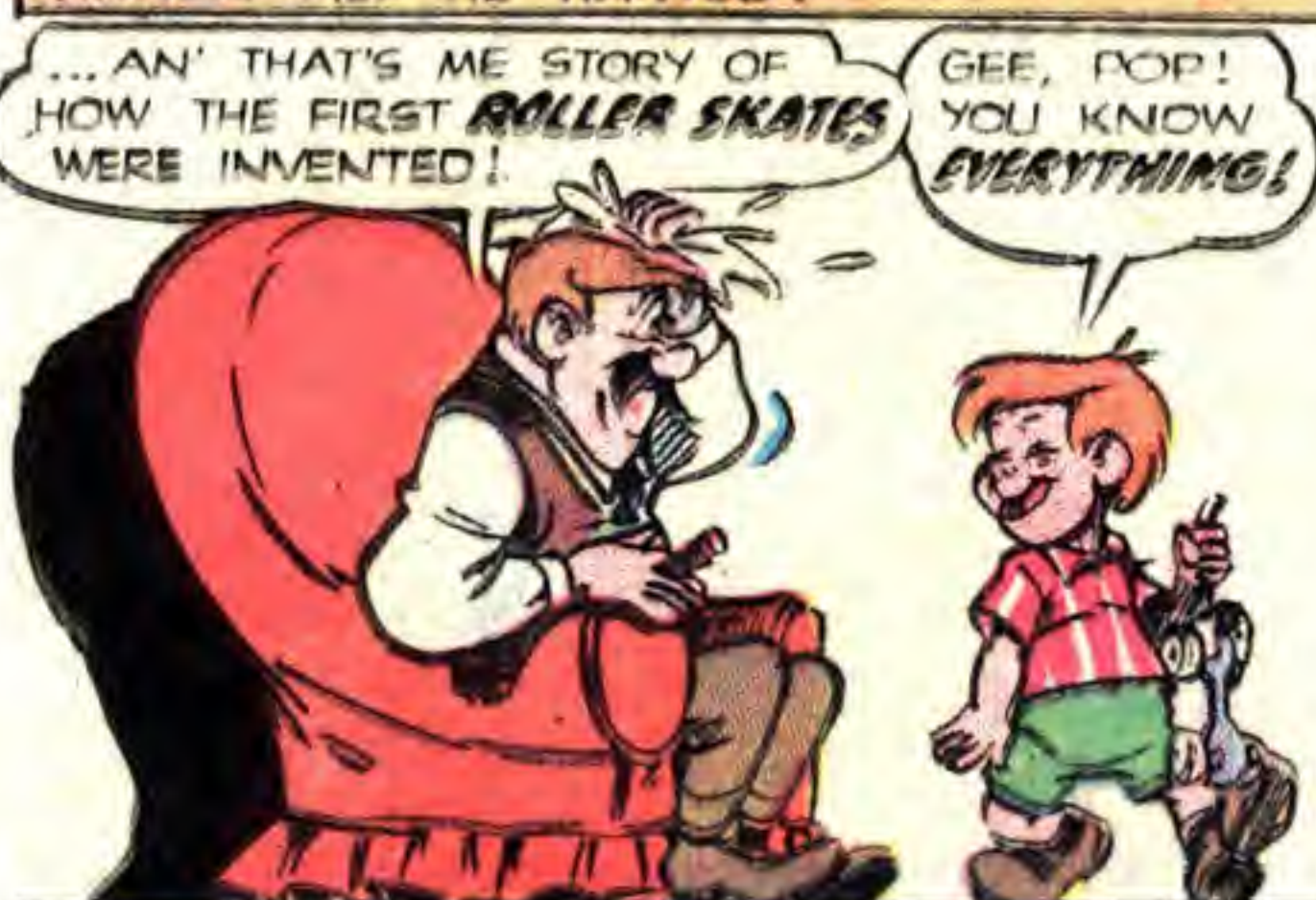
YOU SEE, SUMMER HAD COME AND THERE WASN'T ANY ICE AND SNOW LEFT...



AND SO HE DID, AND THE **VERY FIRST** TIME HE WENT SKATING DOWN THE STREET ON THEM...



SO MISTER ROLLER MADE SKATES FOR MILLIONS OF KIDS, AND SINCE HE MADE SO MUCH MONEY, HIS WIFE WAS FINALLY HAPPY AND LET HIM TINKER ALL HE WANTED!



HE DOESN'T **KNOW** IT, BUT THERE'S ONE THING I'LL **NEVER KNOW!** HOW I WAS ABLE TO THINK UP SUCH A SILLY STORY ABOUT THE **FIRST ROLLER SKATES!**





For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES

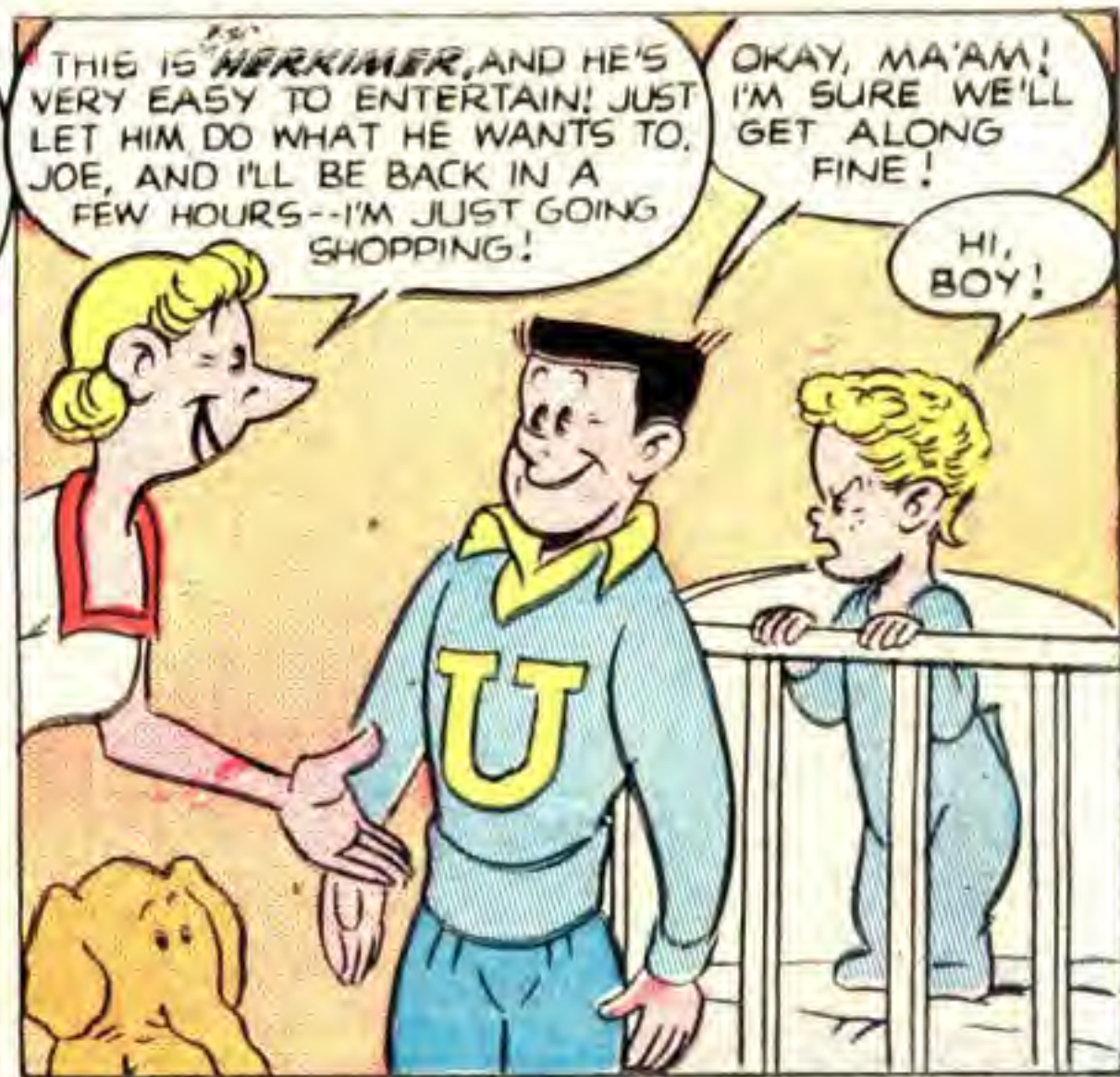
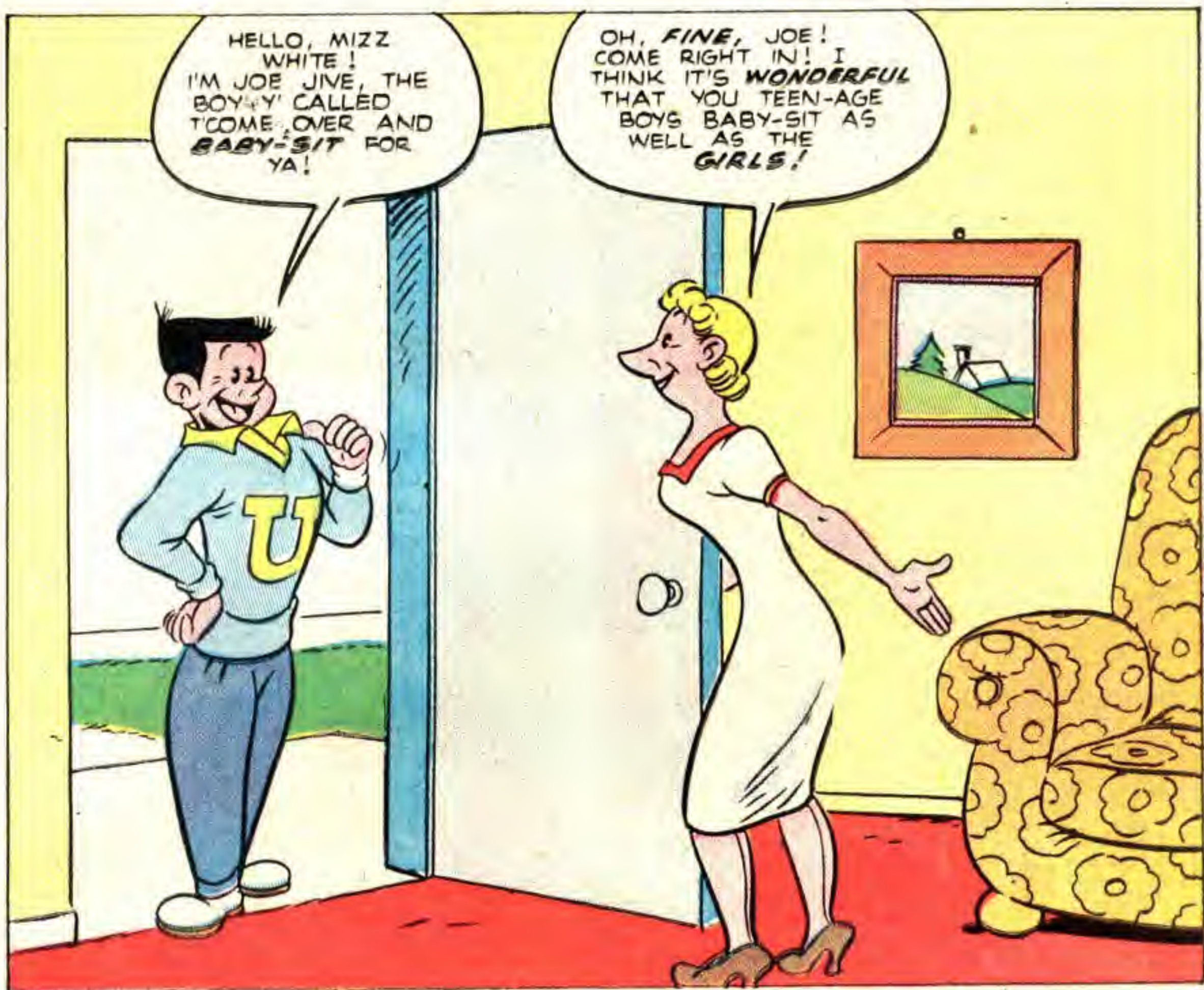


Packed with Laughs and Thrills...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
.. REGULARLY ..
Read **AMERICAN!**

JOE JIVE



TEN MINUTES LATER--

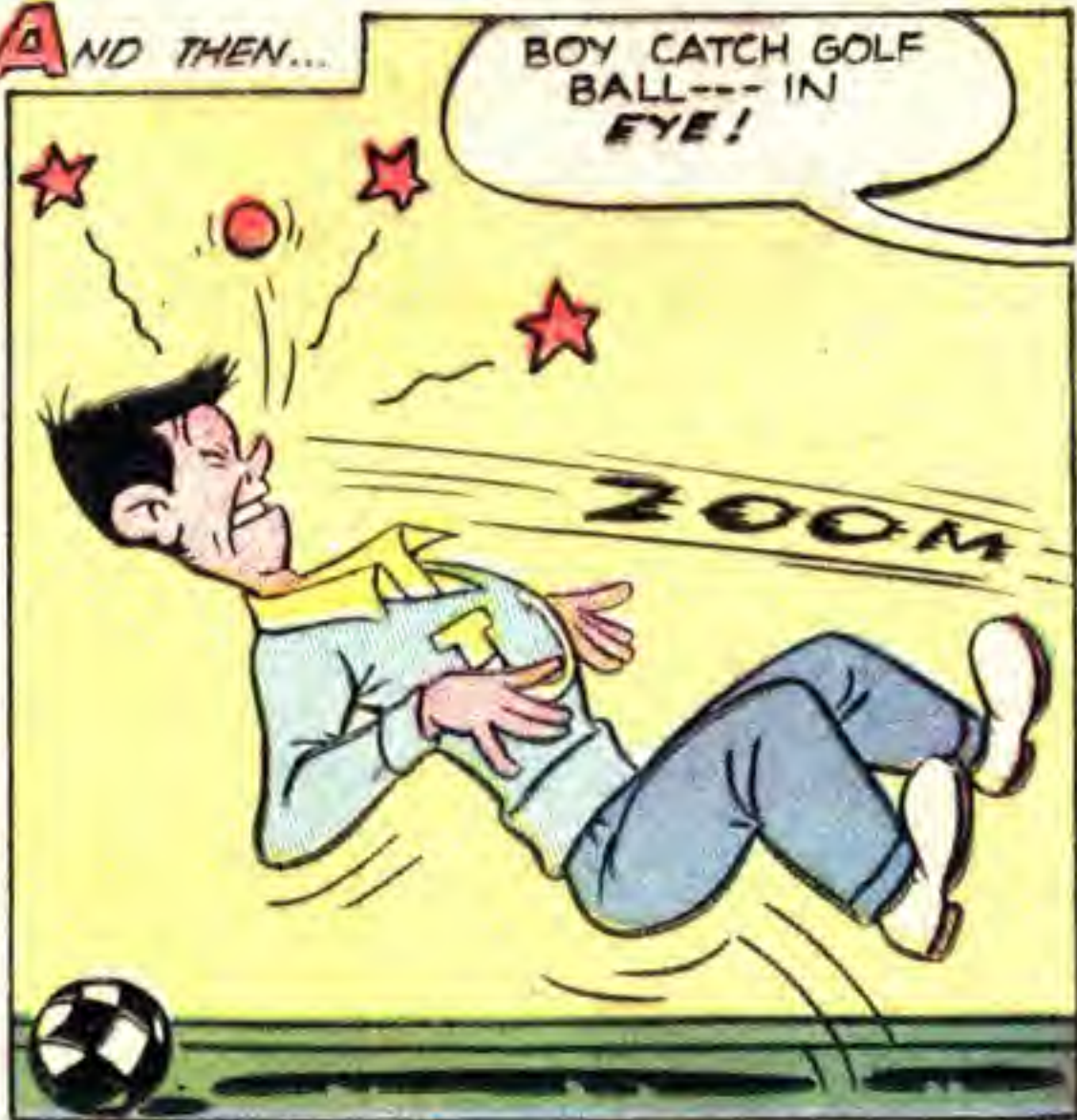
WELL,
HERKIMER,
SHALL WE
PLAY
WITH....

ME PLAY
WITH SKATE!
ME HAVE
FUN!



AND THEN...

BOY CATCH GOLF
BALL--- IN
EYE!



AN HOUR LATER...

OOOOOOO!
BOY
FALL
DOWN!

YE---IIII!



FINALLY....

WE PLAY BASEBALL--BOY
IS UMPIRE-----
KEO DA UMPIRE!

WELL,
I'M
BACK!

THANK
GOSH!



HERE'S YOUR
MONEY, JOE, AND
I'D LIKE YOU TO
COME BACK AGAIN
THIS EVENING! I'LL
PAY **DOUBLE**--AND
NATURALLY YOU'LL
ACCEPT BECAUSE
YOU NEED THE
MONEY, DON'T
YOU?

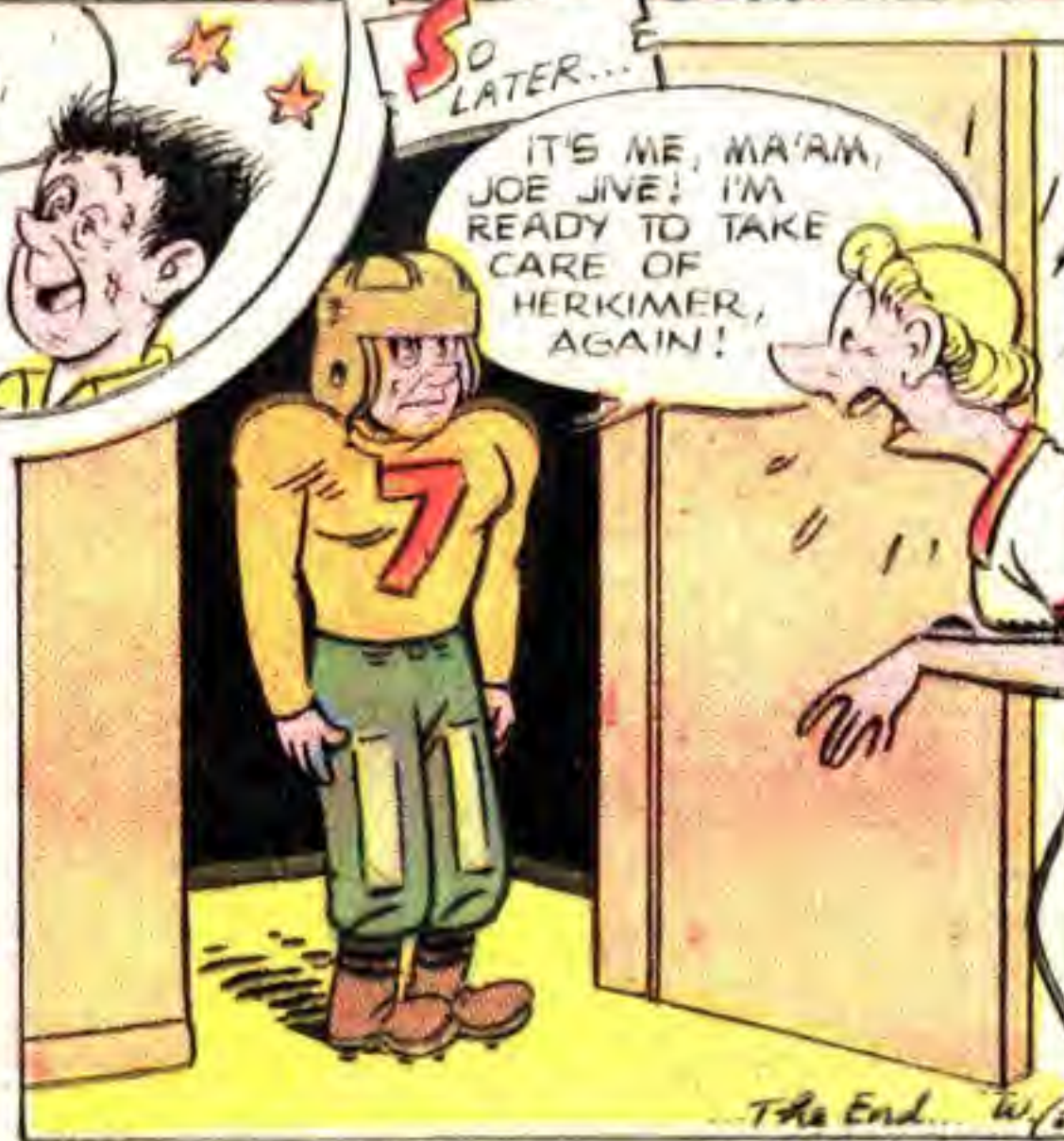
WELL, YEAH!
BUT I DON'T THINK
I CAN STAND---I
MEAN, **MAKE IT!**
YA SEE,
I'M----

WAIT! I
THINK I CAN,
AFTER ALL!



SO LATER...

IT'S ME, MA'AM,
JOE JIVE! I'M
READY TO TAKE
CARE OF
HERKIMER,
AGAIN!



The End... W/a

COOKIE,

in
"TRUE LOVE RUNS ROUGH!"

HOW THE MIXUP first occurred, Cookie could not explain. Maybe it was because the movie was dark when they got in and there was a lady with a big hat in front of Angelpuss and they kept switching seats so much. At any rate, it was a mixup, all right!

All through the movie, Cookie had been holding Angel's hand tenderly, giving it a little squeeze now and then at some particularly romantic moment on the screen. But when the house lights went up, Cookie realized he was not holding Angel's hand at all!

And so did Angel! "Well!" she exclaimed, looking coldly at Cookie, who was still clinging nervously to the hand of the girl at his right. "I didn't know you had *another* friend here!"

"I...I didn't, honest!" Cookie dropped the hand as though it were red-hot. "I never saw this girl before, Angel! Miss, will you please explain to my girl here that we don't know each other an' it's all some mistake?"

By the time Cookie had finished his appeal, the girl had left her seat and was marching up the aisle, leaving Cookie to Angel's stare of disbelief. "Don't know her? Why, you were holding her hand!"

All the way home, Cookie tried to unravel the tangle. It took a long time, but he finally convinced Angel that the whole episode had been a silly accident.

Relenting, Angel allowed him to kiss her goodnight, but there was still a faint trace of suspicion in her voice as she said, "Well, it all seems sort of strange to me. I hope it doesn't happen *again*!"

"How *could* it!" cried Cookie. "It was a freak accident!"

To overcome the suspicions of a jealous woman is a tough thing, as Cookie well knew. The following day found Cookie thinking this very thought as he walked down the street towards Angel's house. Deep in thought, he had

no idea that anyone was speaking to him until a plaintive voice repeated its question.

"Can you direct me to High Boulevard, please?"

Roused out of his reverie, Cookie started to reply...and gulped. For he was looking into the brown eyes of the young lady whose hand he had held the night before! "Ulp...yes, miss, I certainly can," he said. "You walk straight down this street until you come to..."

"So!" Angel's exclamation of discovery was sharp. "Never saw her before! A total stranger! Oh, Cookie, how could you *lie* to me, when all the time I thought I was the only girl..."

"Angel, *believe* me, it's just a coincidence!" Cookie appealed to the unknown for help. "Wasn't it, miss?" But there was no point in pursuing the question, because she had turned on her cute little flats and was half-way up the block!

"Coincidence!" Angel scoffed. "Do you really expect me to believe that after what happened yesterday? All I have to say, Cookie O'Toole, is that I'm deeply disappointed in you and that I don't ever want to see you again or talk to you or even..."

"Look, Angel!" Cookie got a good grip on himself and started all over again. "I was walkin' along, see, mindin' my business an' thinkin' of *you*, as a matter of fact, when this jinx pops up from nowhere an' asks me the way to High Boulevard. Angel, you know you're my one-and-only...always *will* be! Remember the first time we went out together? It was love at first sight for me! Gosh, Angel, how you can think that I'd even *look* at another girl..."

It was a tough fight, but Cookie won. All his sincerity went into that plea for understanding. It was a long time before Angel relented, but she did, at last,

over a double malt. Every now and then, however, she looked suspiciously up at Cookie from under her long eyelashes. It was too, too coincidental, really it was! "But I'll give you the benefit of the doubt, Cookie," she finally said.

"Swell! Then how's for meetin' me tomorrow outside Walker's Department Store an' lookin' at th' sharp new suit I've got all picked out...in the window?" Cookie asked.

It was a date. The very next day found Cookie pacing impatiently up and down outside the main entrance of Walker's. How it happened, he still doesn't know. But all of a sudden, there *she* was, with her arms full of parcels and a worried look on her face. "Oh, I forgot to pick something up! Will you be here long? I won't be a minute!"

And the next thing Cookie knew, he was holding a lot of packages belonging to this jinx girl...and there was Angel coming towards him! Too late for escape...too late for excuses! The brown-eyed girl was thanking him for his help just as Angel arrived on the scene!

This time, Angel did not stop to listen. She threw Cookie one long, cold look of withering contempt, turned her back on him, and walked away. She paused to make only one remark. "Never speak to me again, Cookie O'Toole!"

Oh, misery, woe, trouble and heart-break! Only another guy could understand Cookie's grief and turmoil, so he took his story to Jitterbuck, who listened sympathetically, nodding his head and clucking.

"I've lost her! I've lost Angel!" Cookie concluded.

"Ah, don't take such a dim view!" Jit slapped Cookie on the back. "Why don't you go find this babe that's been causin' all this grief an' ask her to ex-

plain things to Angel?"

"Will it work?" Cookie asked hopefully.

"Sure!" Jit said heartily.

It took a good deal of scouting and explaining, but Cookie finally located the brown-eyed miss who had caused all this trouble. When he told her his story, her eyes widened with soft understanding and her mouth made a little "o" of surprise. "What a shame," she said. "Poor you!"

Cookie took another look at this soft-spoken girl. "Hey, you're kinda *cute*!" he remarked. "Whaddaya say we go for a walk an' sorta work things out, huh?"

Down the street they went, with Cookie growing more and more interested in this little chick, who thought Angel had treated him just *shamefully*! Now *she* had the right idea. In fact, it might be kinda great to have a date with her, since Angel was no longer in the picture!

But here, Cookie was mistaken. Angel *was* in the picture! Like a whirlwind, she rounded a corner and spotted Cookie with...her! "I see it *all* now!" she snapped at the girl. "It's *your* fault, of course! You've been *throwing* yourself at him, following him around! Oh, Cookie, you poor thing! You've just been a *victim*, that's all!"

Cookie opened his mouth to explain that he wasn't being a victim at all, and then thought better of it! If this was what Angel wanted to believe...fine! Anything to have his dreambeam back!

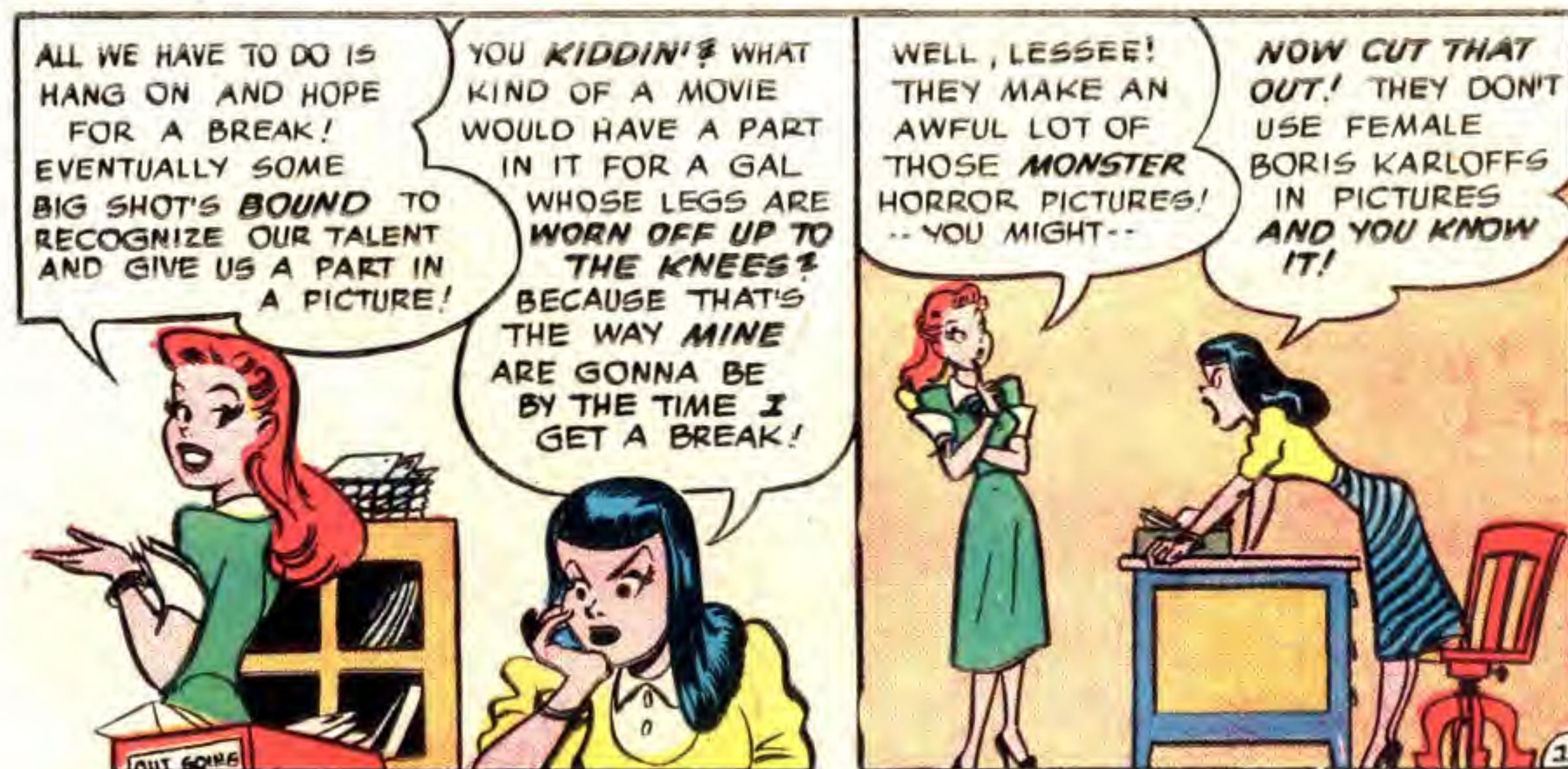
But, as he later explained to Jit, "She didn't believe me when I was tellin' her th' truth...an' when I was all set to *date* that other girl, she *did* believe me! How d'ya figure that, Jit?"

"I don't," Jit confessed.

"Well, all I can say," Cookie remarked, "is there sure ain't no justice where wimmin are concerned!"

STARLET O'HARA

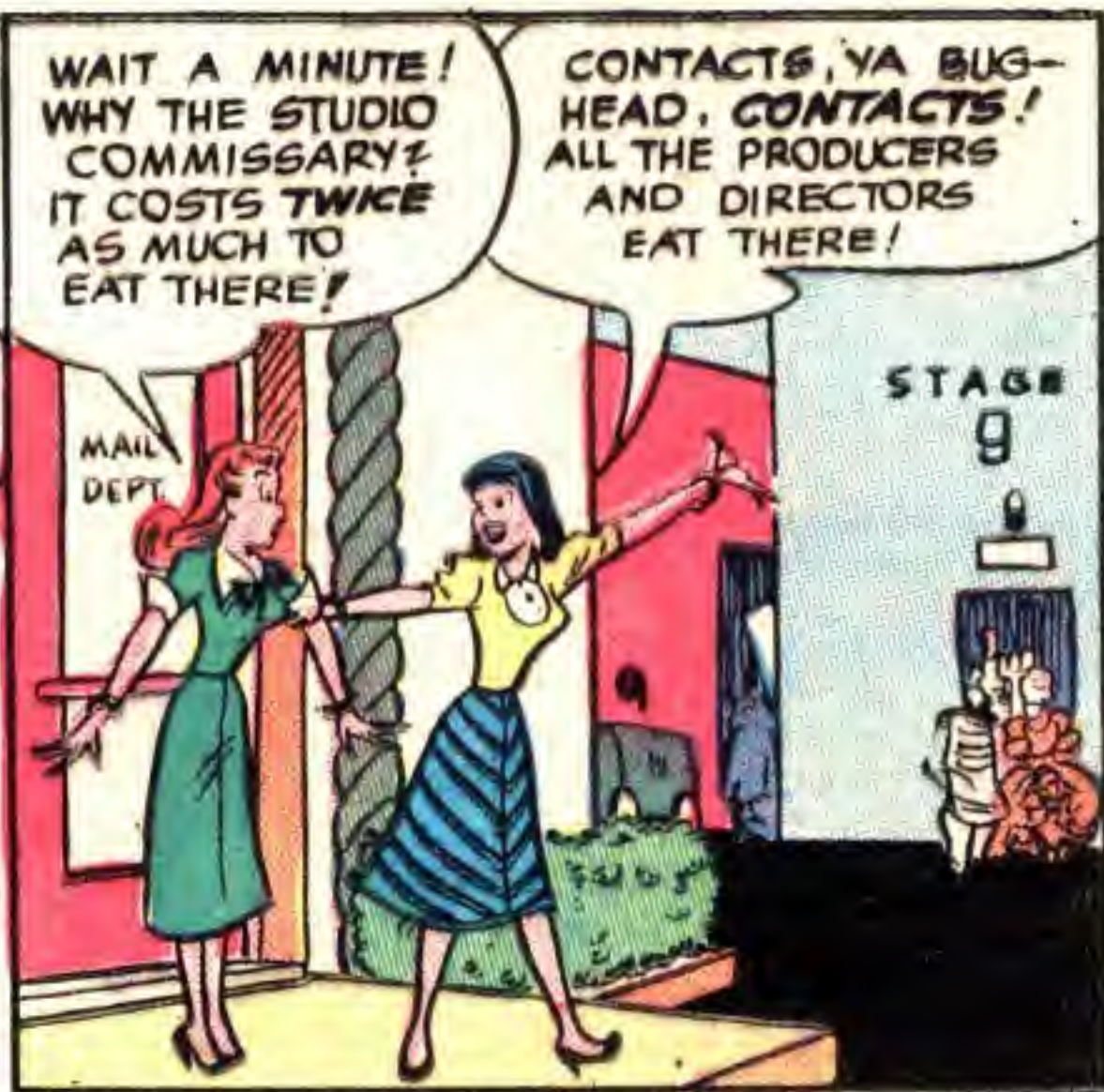
IN HOLLYWOOD





HEY! IT'S FIVE AFTER TWELVE! -- LET'S GET SOME LUNCH!

OKAY, LET'S GO OVER TO THE STUDIO COMMISSARY!



WAIT A MINUTE! WHY THE STUDIO COMMISSARY? IT COSTS TWICE AS MUCH TO EAT THERE!

CONTACTS, YA BUG-HEAD. **CONTACTS!** ALL THE PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS EAT THERE!



SURE THEY EAT THERE, AND THAT'S ALL THEY DO--**EAT!** THEY AREN'T CASING THE PLACE, TRYING TO DISCOVER ANOTHER OLIVIA DeHAVILAND!

HA! THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT A STUDIO OFFICIAL SPOTTED A WAITRESS THAT WORKED THERE, AND SHE REALLY **WENT PLACES!**



JUST A SEC! YOU MEAN THE BLOND THAT WAITS ON THE LUNCH COUNTER?

YEAH! ONLY THIS MORNING MABEL TOLD ME THAT SOME BIG SHOT SAW HER AND IN **NO TIME** SHE'D GONE PLACES!



SURE A BIG SHOT SAW HER AND SHE WENT PLACES! HE SAW HER **LIFTING THE SILVERWARE**, AND IN NO TIME SHE'D GONE TO JAIL!

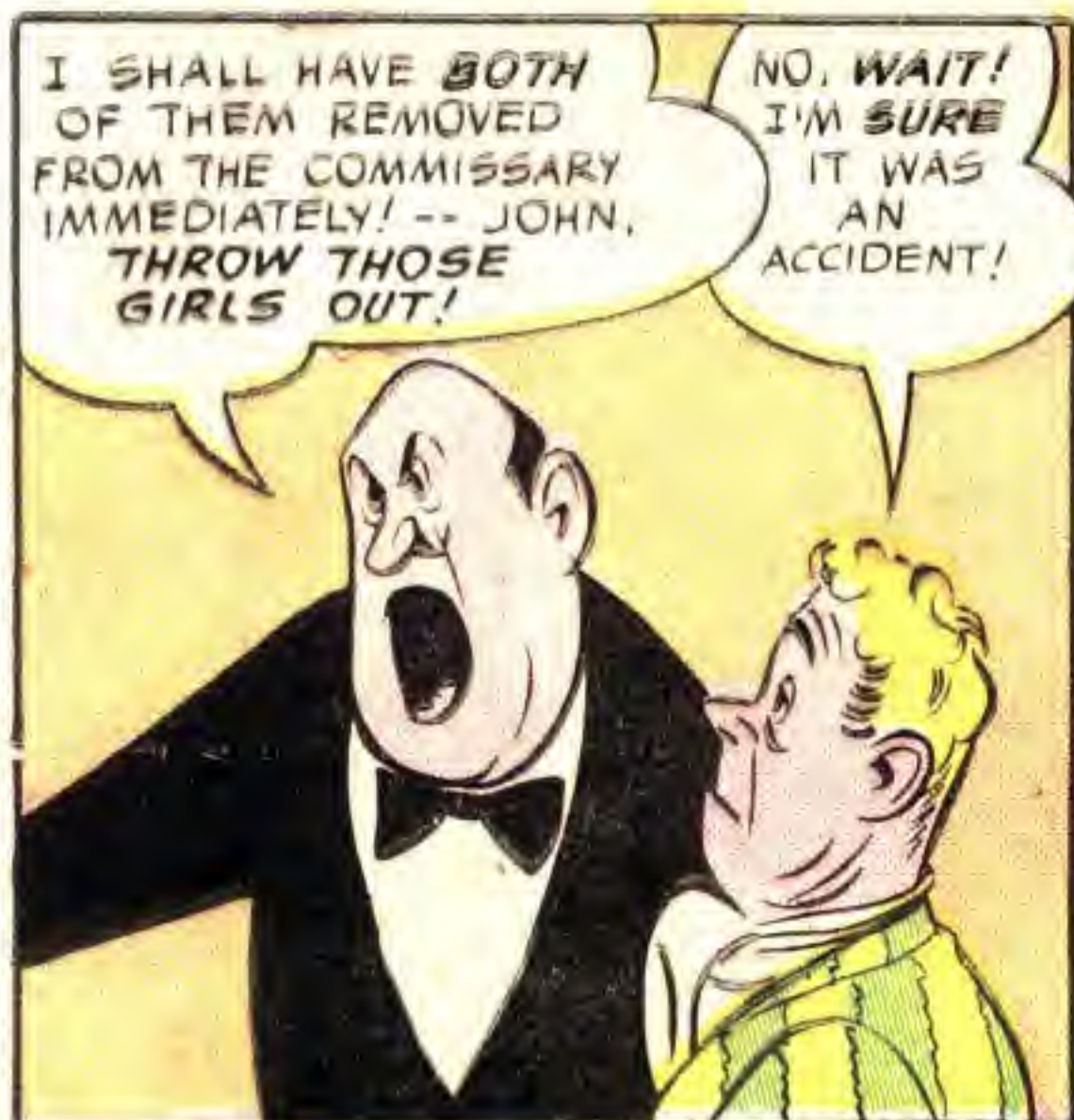
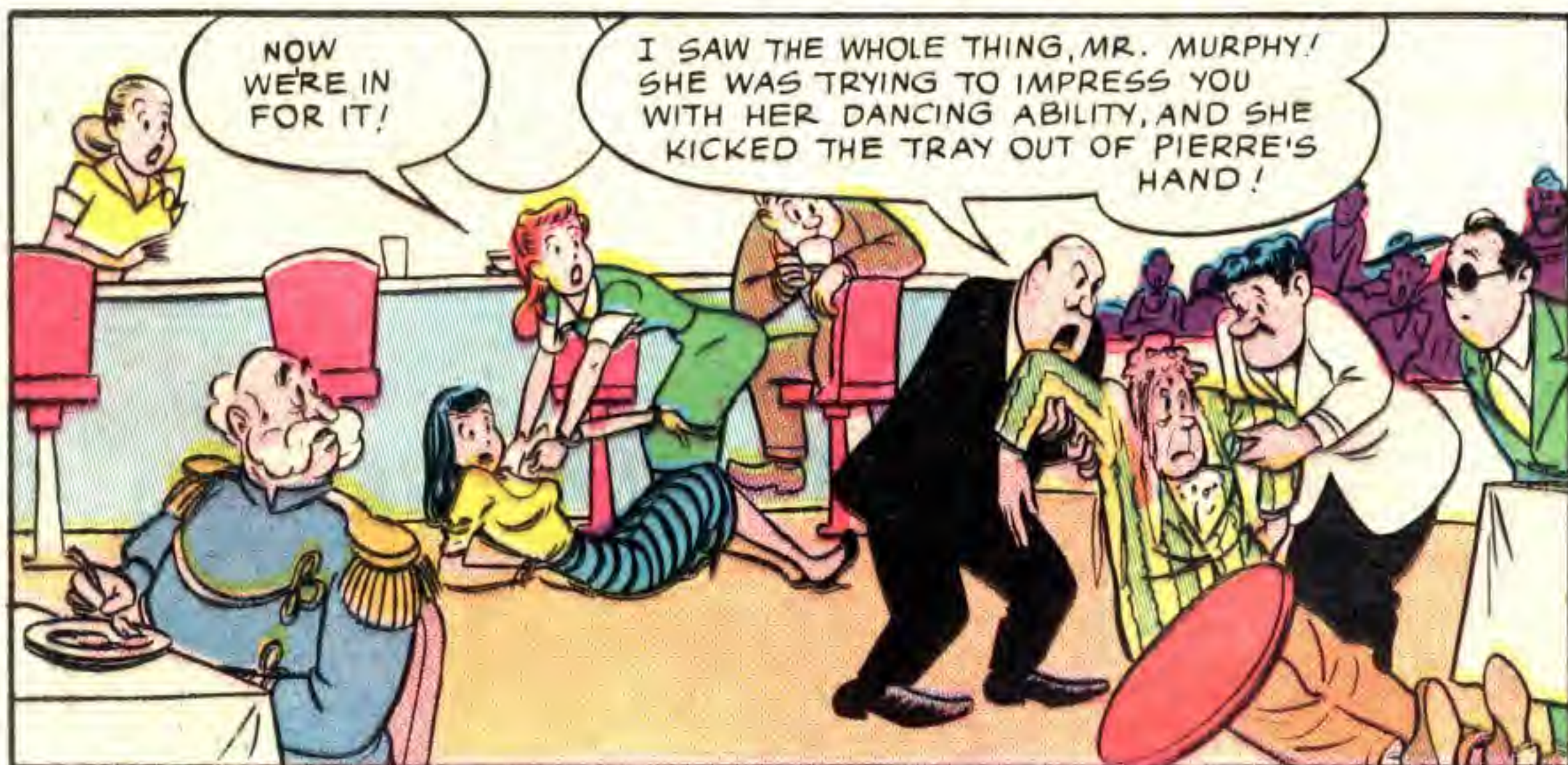
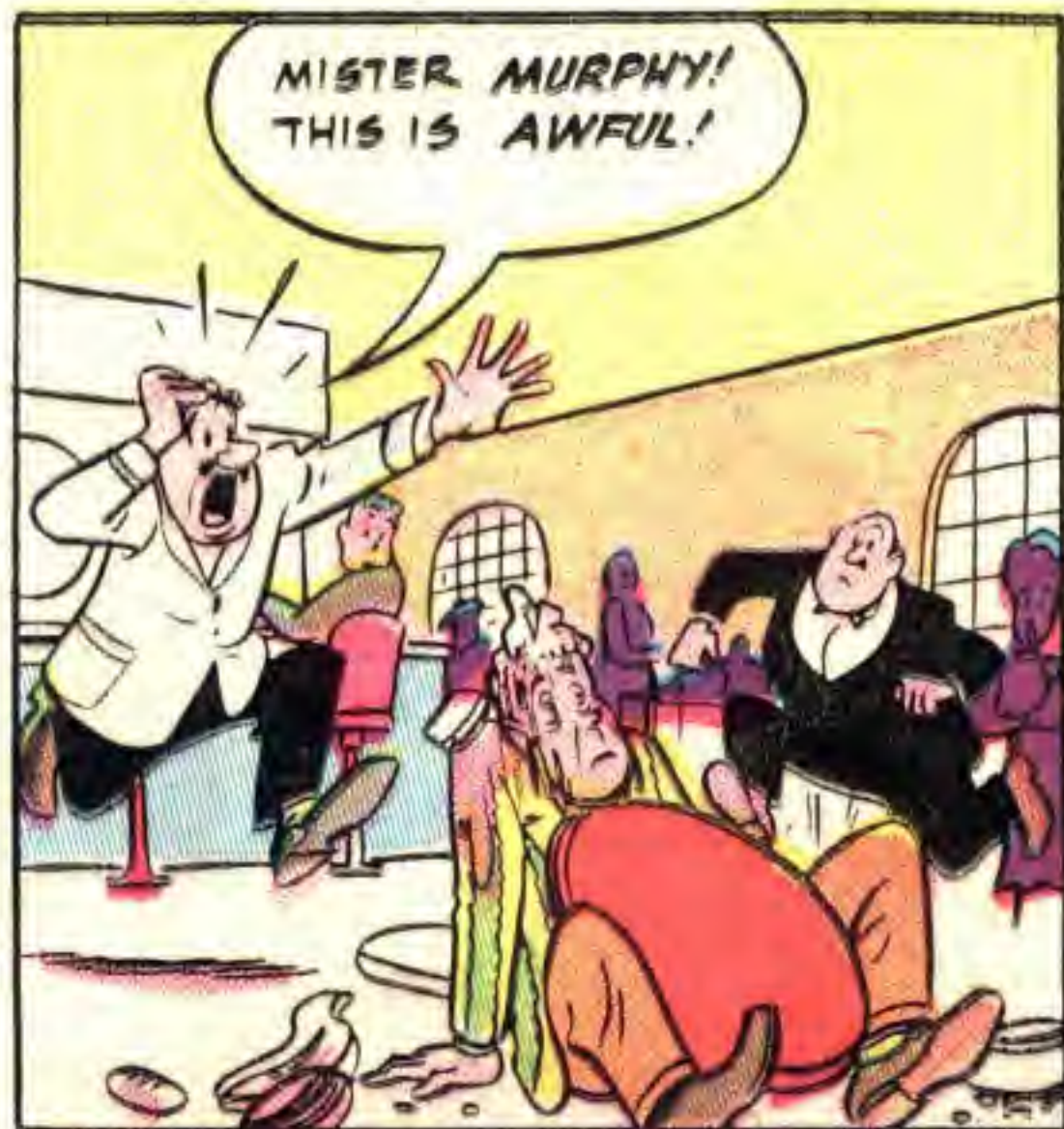
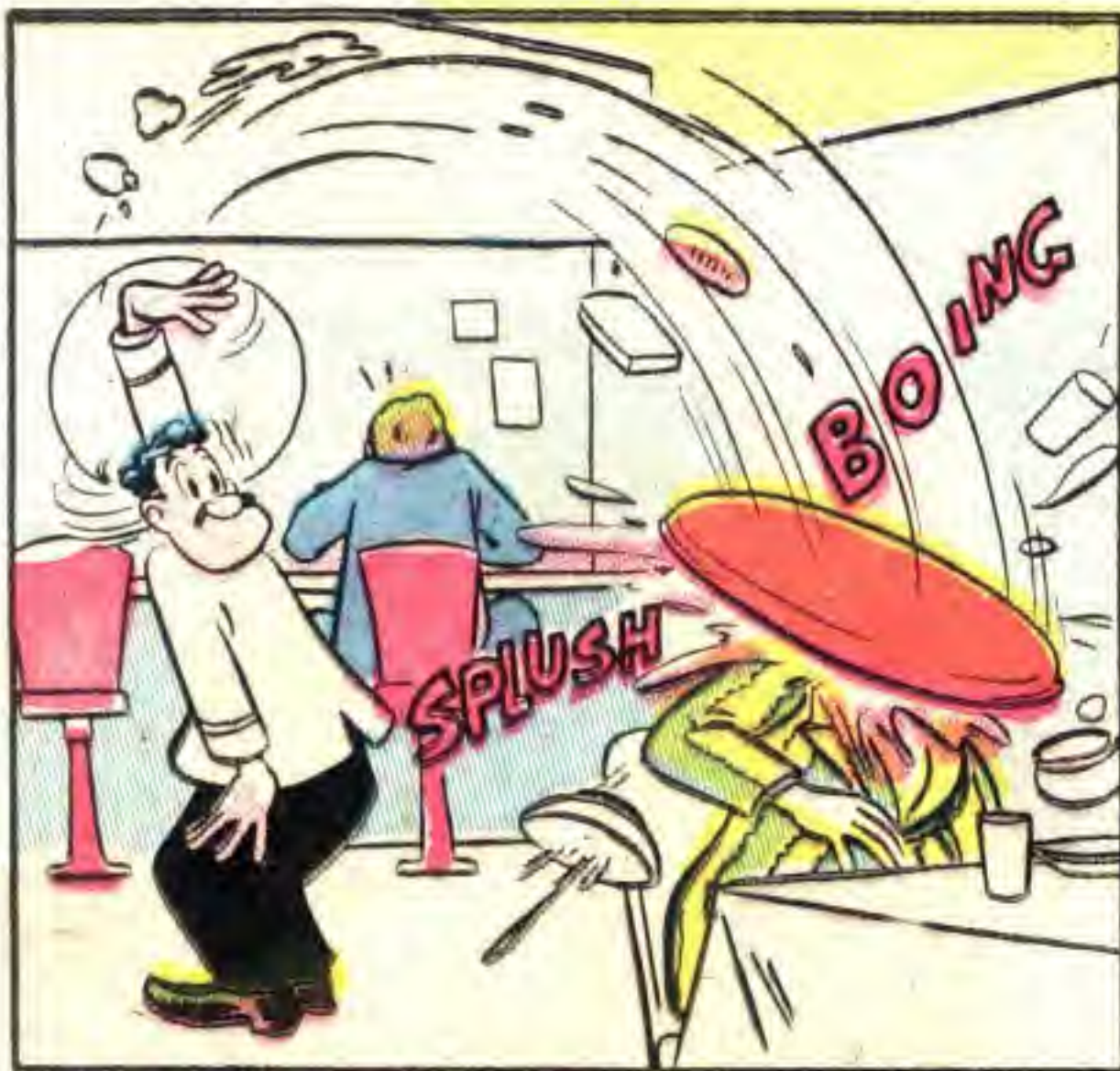
OH!

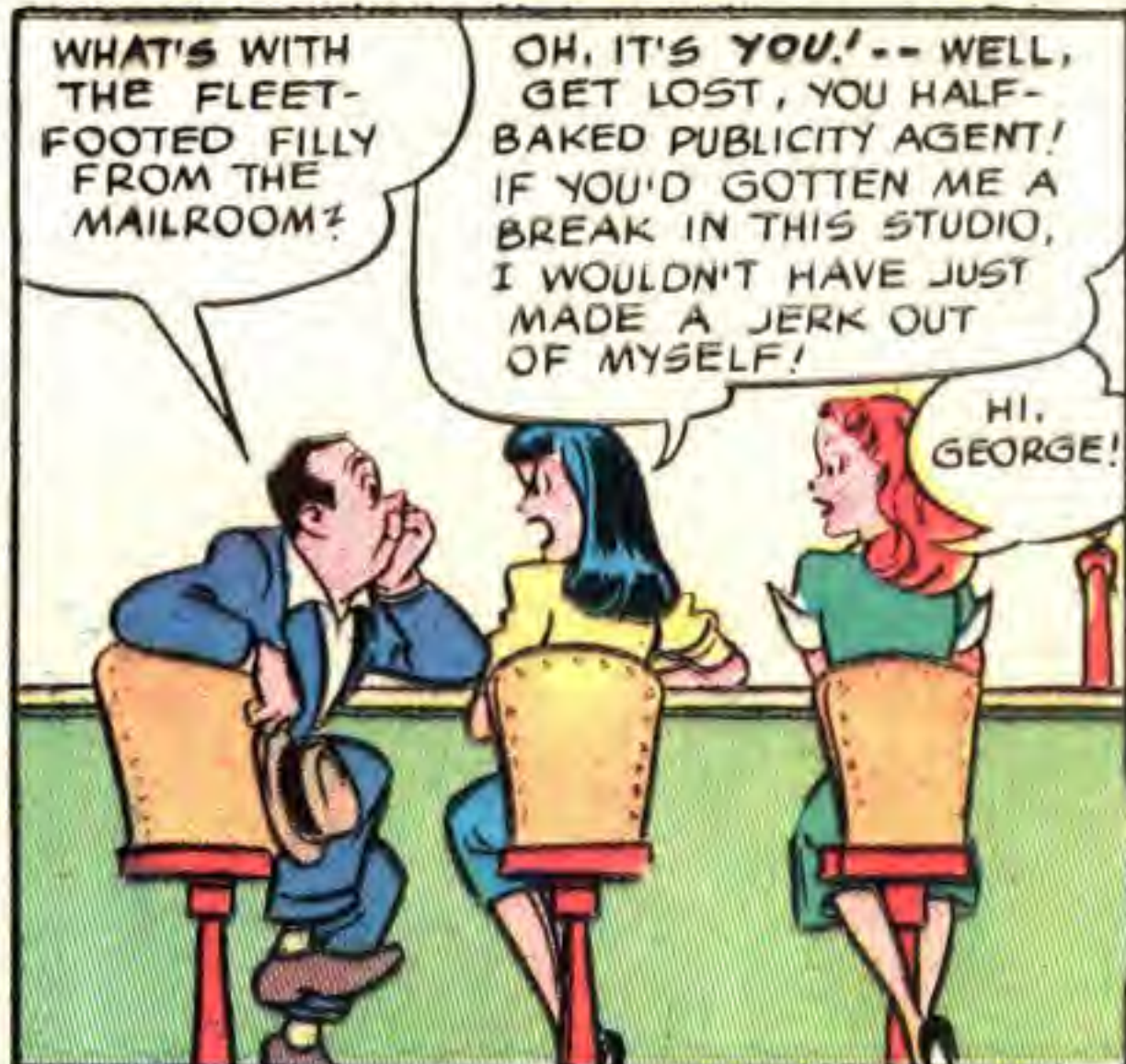


BUT TO SHOW YOU I'M A GOOD SPORT, I'LL EAT AT THE COMMISSARY ANYWAY!

HEY, KEEN, STARLET! AT LEAST WE CAN GAWK AT THE BIG WHEELS!







HERE'S THE SET-UP! THEY'RE MAKING A PICTURE ABOUT THE WOMEN IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION-- YOU KNOW, THE ONES WHO HELPED THE MINUTE MEN FIRE THE CANNON AND CARRIED THE POWDER FOR THEM! WELL, YOU CAN HAVE A PART AS ONE OF THEM!

GEE, HOW COME, GEORGE?

THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE FINDING GALS THAT CAN QUALIFY! YA SEE, THE GALS IN THOSE DAYS WERE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL-- BUT THEY WERE ALSO STRONG, HUSKY BABES! SO-OO, IF YOU CAN GAIN ABOUT 45 POUNDS, THE PART'S YOURS, BABY!

WHAT? GAIN 45 POUNDS?

WHY, YOU -- YOU -- I MIGHTA KNOWN YOU WERE GIVING ME A FAST PITCH AGAIN!

WAIT, FRITZI! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GAIN THE WEIGHT!--IT'S YOUR **BIG CHANCE!**

STARLET'S RIGHT, BABY!--IT'S YOUR BIG CHANCE AND YOU HAVE A WHOLE MONTH TO DO IT IN!

WELL, I--I--

SHE'LL DO IT, GEORGE! I'LL WHIP HER INTO SHAPE!



SO, THAT EVENING--

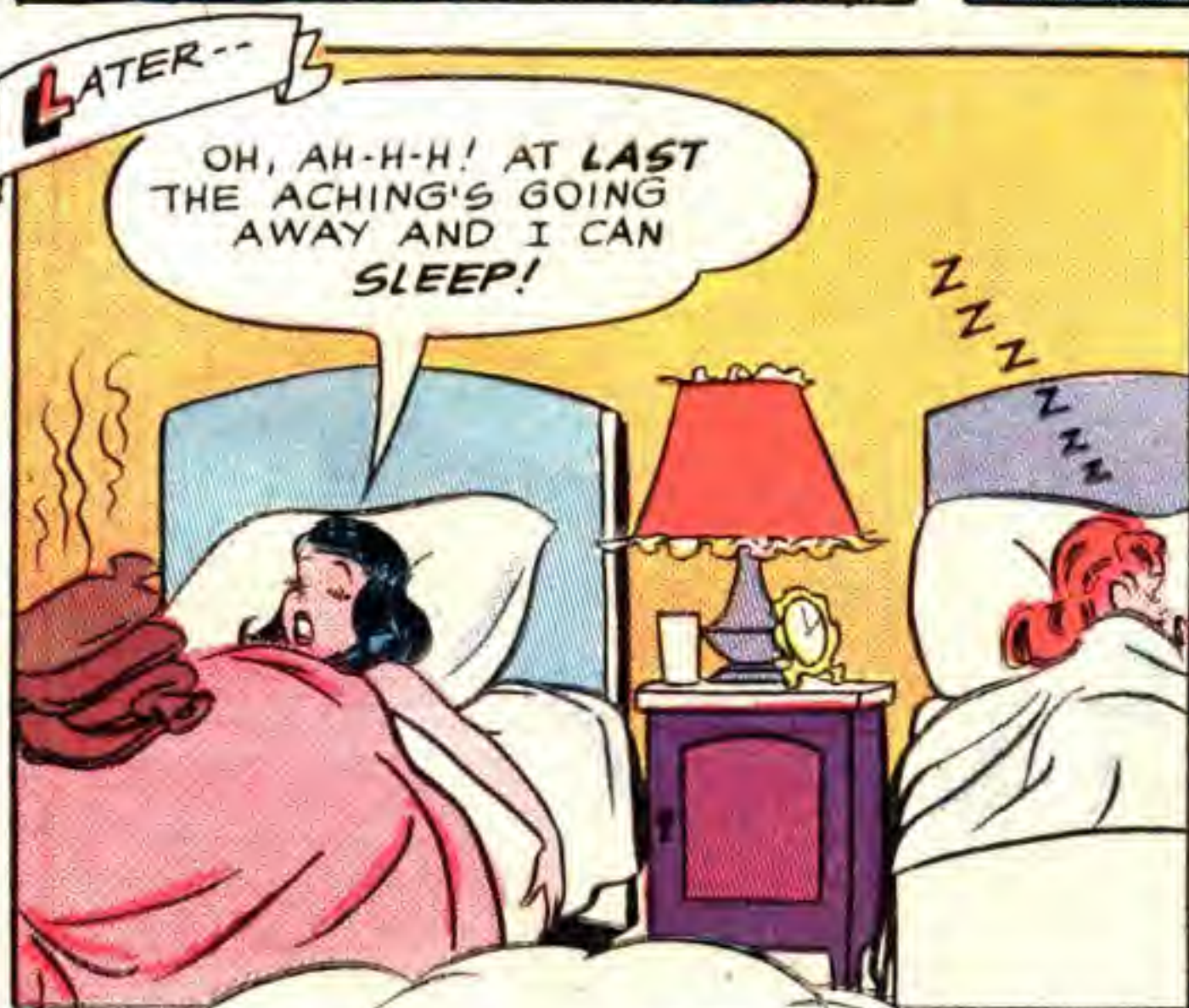
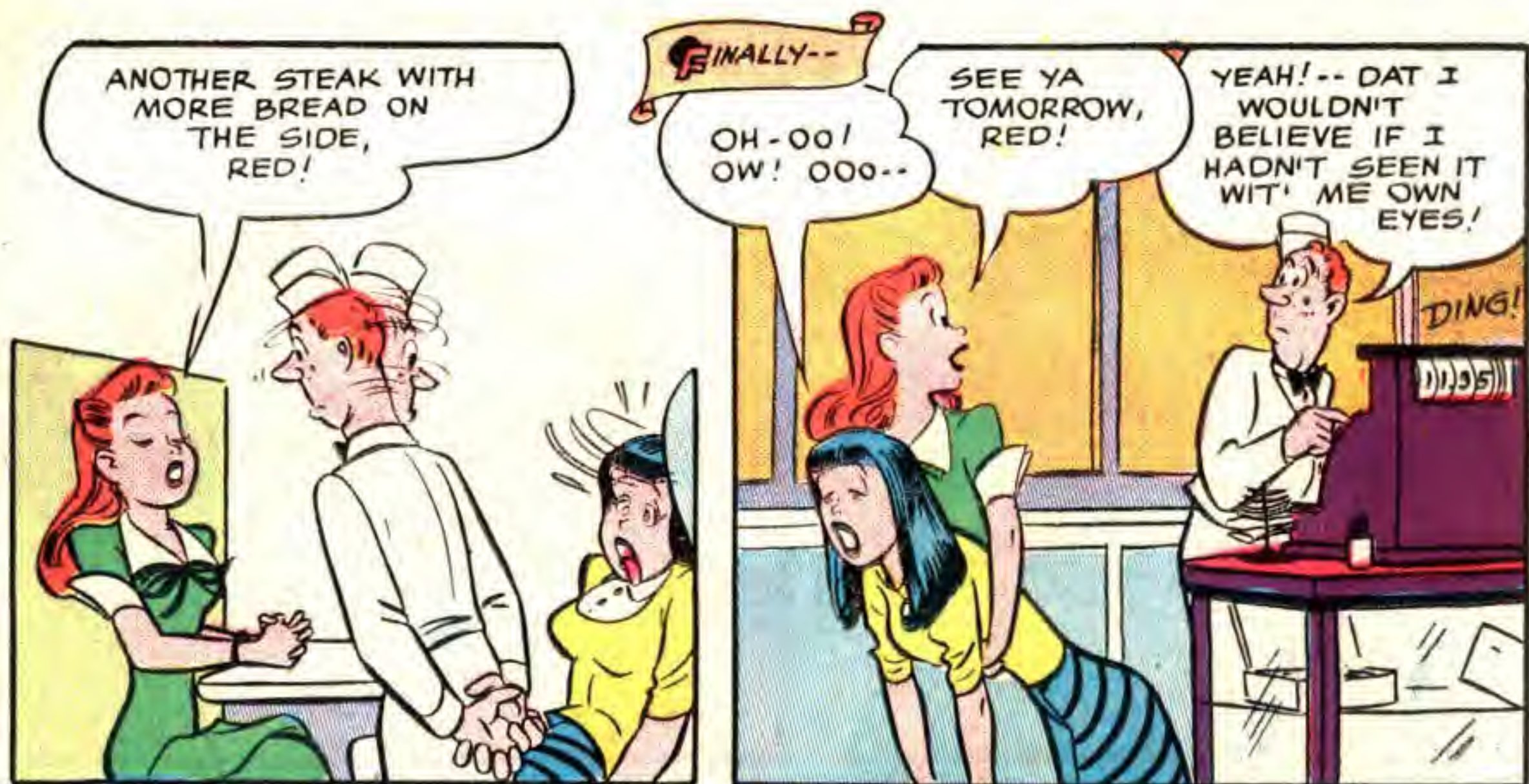
(GULP) (GLUG)
I DID IT! I ATE IT ALL, STARLET!

SWELL! HEY, RED! ANOTHER STEAK FOR FRITZI, AND MORE BREAD ON THE SIDE THIS TIME!

NO, NO, STARLET! NO MORE! I CAN'T! HOLD IT, RED! I'LL DIE! I'LL BUST! I'LL---

45 POUNDS IN 30 DAYS, REMEMBER?







PIE À LA---
I WON'T EAT IT!
I CAN'T
EAT IT!

OH, YES
YOU CAN!



ALL YOU NEED IS
A LITTLE HELP!

=(GLUG)=

SPLUSH

AND SO IT WENT FOR SEVERAL DAYS ---

HEY, STARLET,
WHERE'S FRITZI?
I HAVEN'T SEEN
HER IN DAYS!
SHE ONLY HAS
A LITTLE TIME
LEFT, Y' KNOW!

I KNOW, GEORGIE, BUT
SHE'S DOING FINE! SHE
HAD TO TAKE A LEAVE OF
ABSENCE, THOUGH -- SO
WHY DON'T YOU COME
OVER TONIGHT AND
SEE HER?



THAT EVENING --

HI, GEORGE! COME IN!
FRITZI'S DOWN AT
THE DRUG STORE
GETTING SOME
BICARBONATE OF
SODA, BUT SHE'LL
BE BACK
SOON!

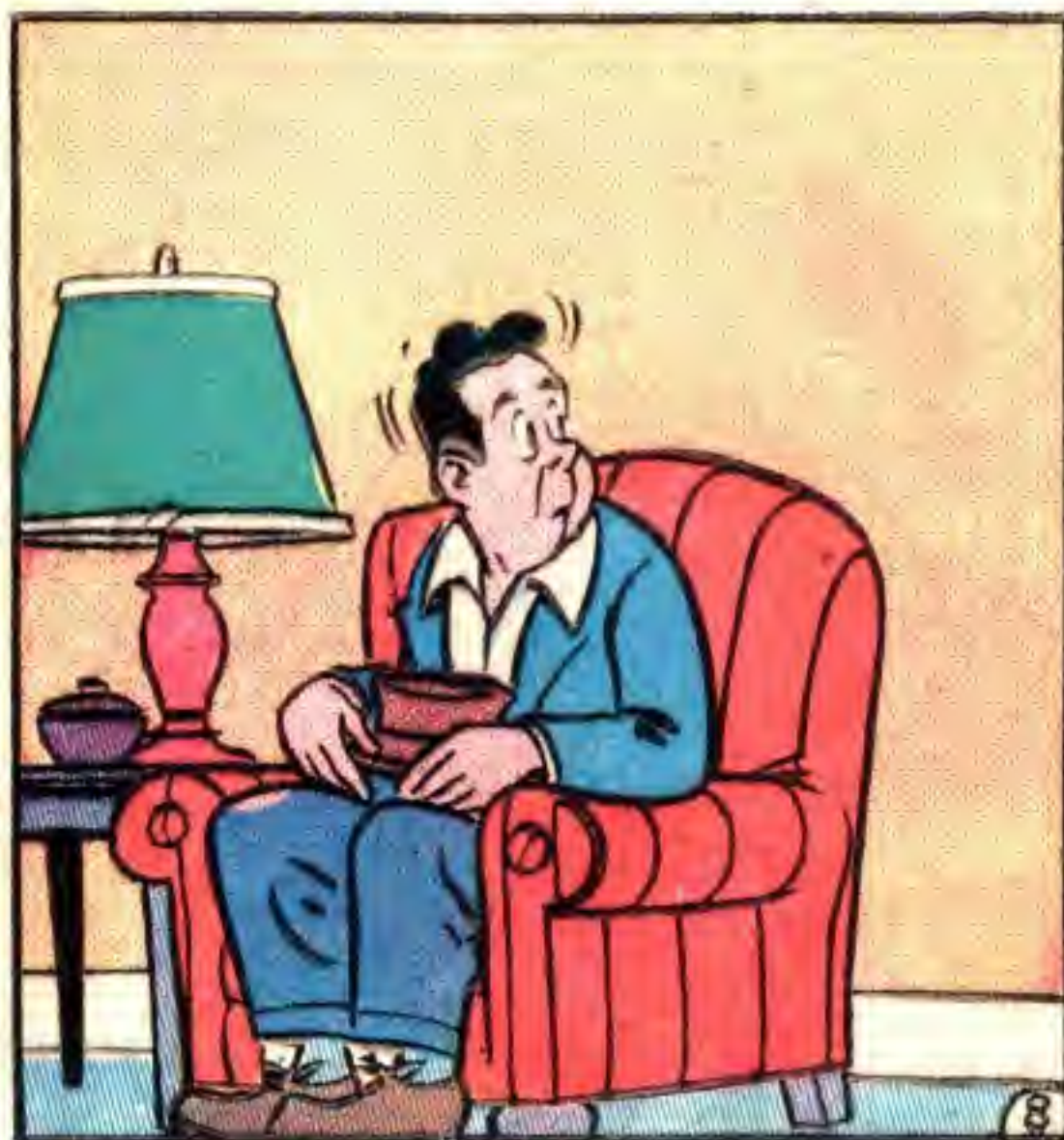
SWELL!
MAN, IT'LL
BE GOOD
TO SEE MY
CUDDLE-
HONEY
AGAIN!



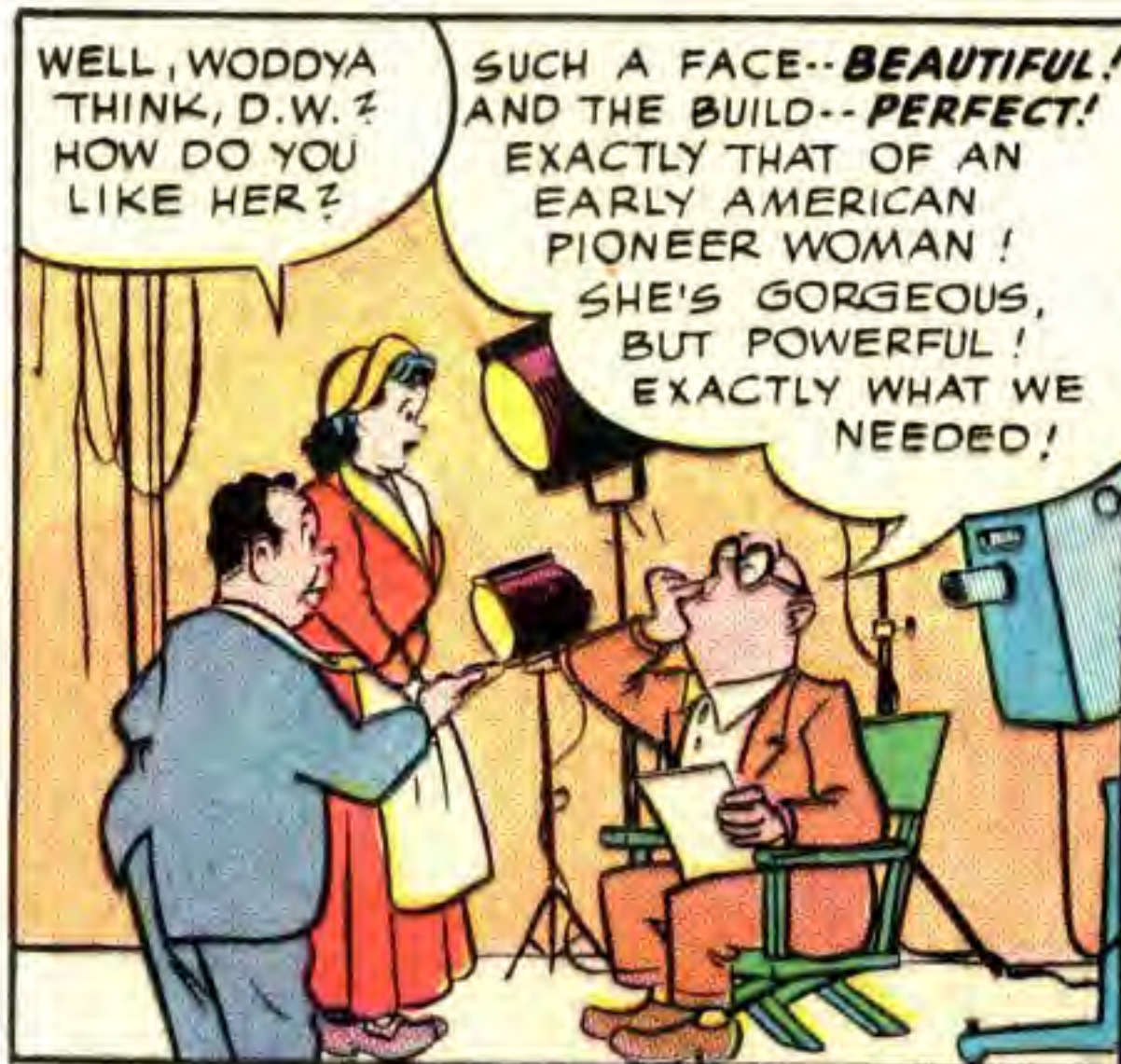
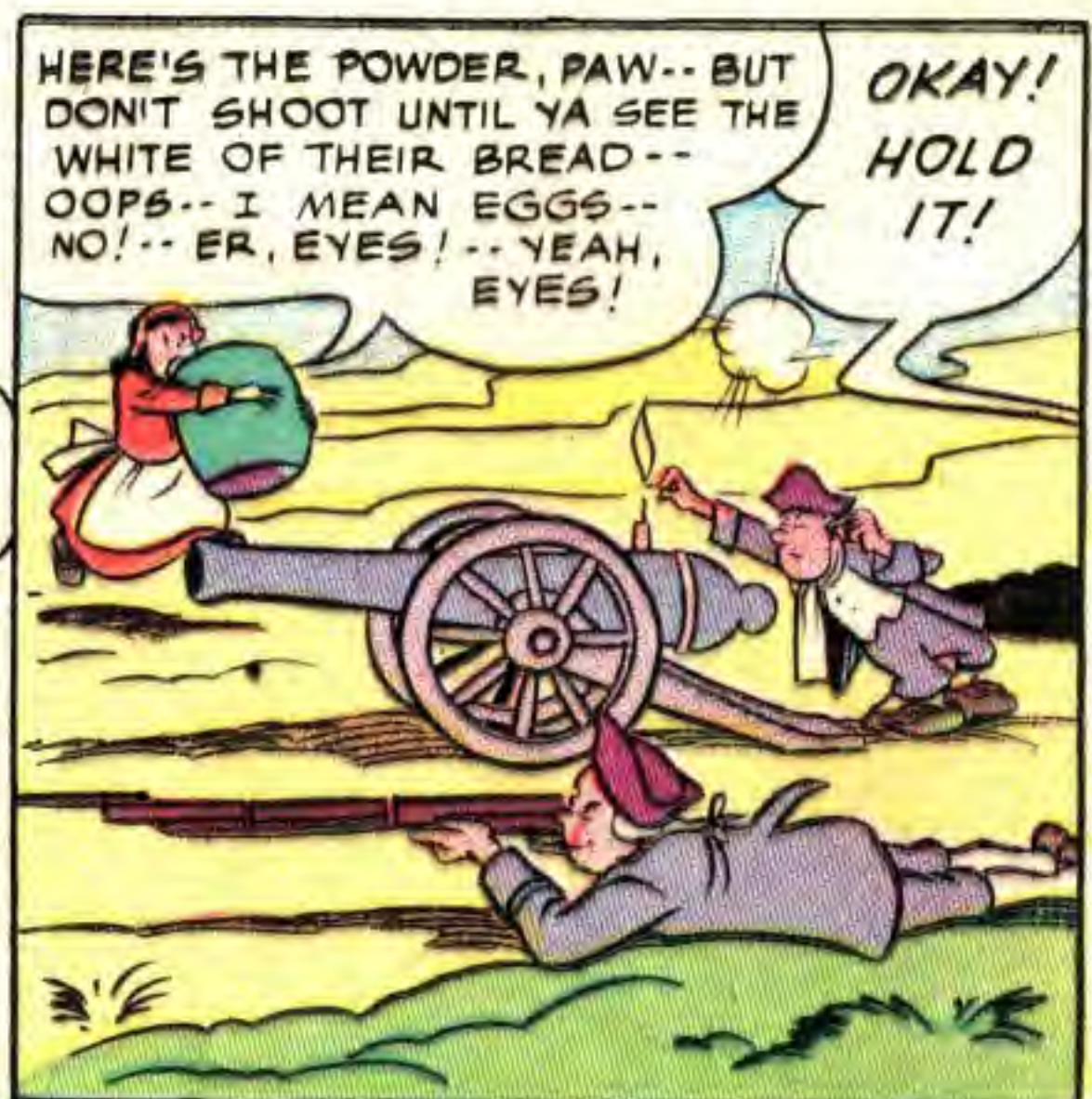
EXCUSE ME, GEORGE!
I HAVE TO CHANGE
MY DRESS -- IT'S
ALMOST TIME TO
TAKE FRITZI
OUT TO EAT
AGAIN!

OKAY!
HEY!
THAT
MUST BE
HER COMIN'
IN NOW!

CLICK!
SLAM!







"COOKIE"

DAD, I ASKED YOU
LAST YEAR, AND NOW
I'LL ASK YOU AGAIN!
ARE YOU GOING TO
DO ANYTHING ABOUT
FIXING UP THIS
HOUSE?

FIX IT UP?
~~FIX IT UP?~~
WHAT'S *WRONG*
WITH IT?

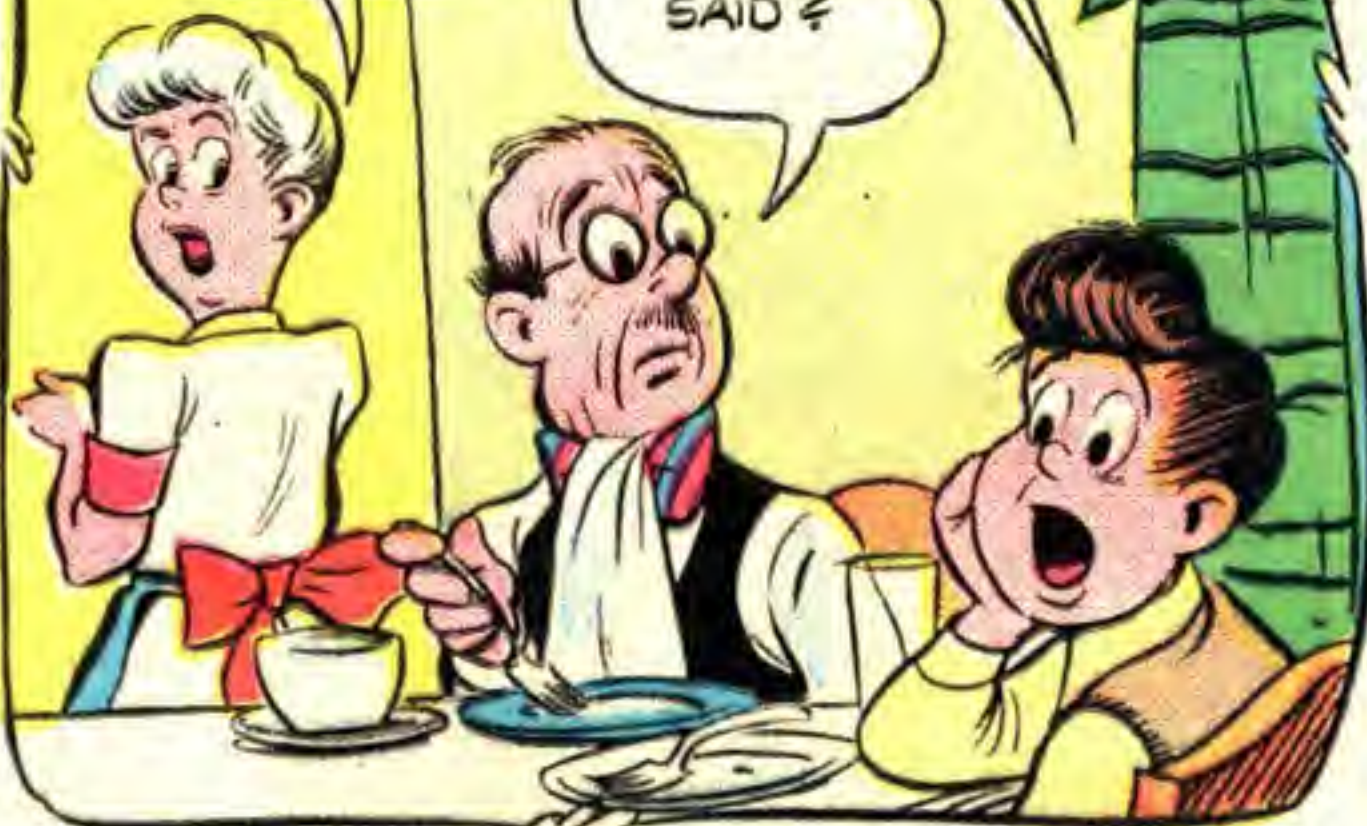
MOM MEANS IT'S
BEAT, POP! THE JOINT'S
JERKIN' AT THE
SEAMS! OUTSIDE,
IT LOOKS LIKE A
CHICK WITHOUT
'GLAMOUR GOO--AN'
THE *INSIDE--!!*



WELL, INSIDE---
WOW!

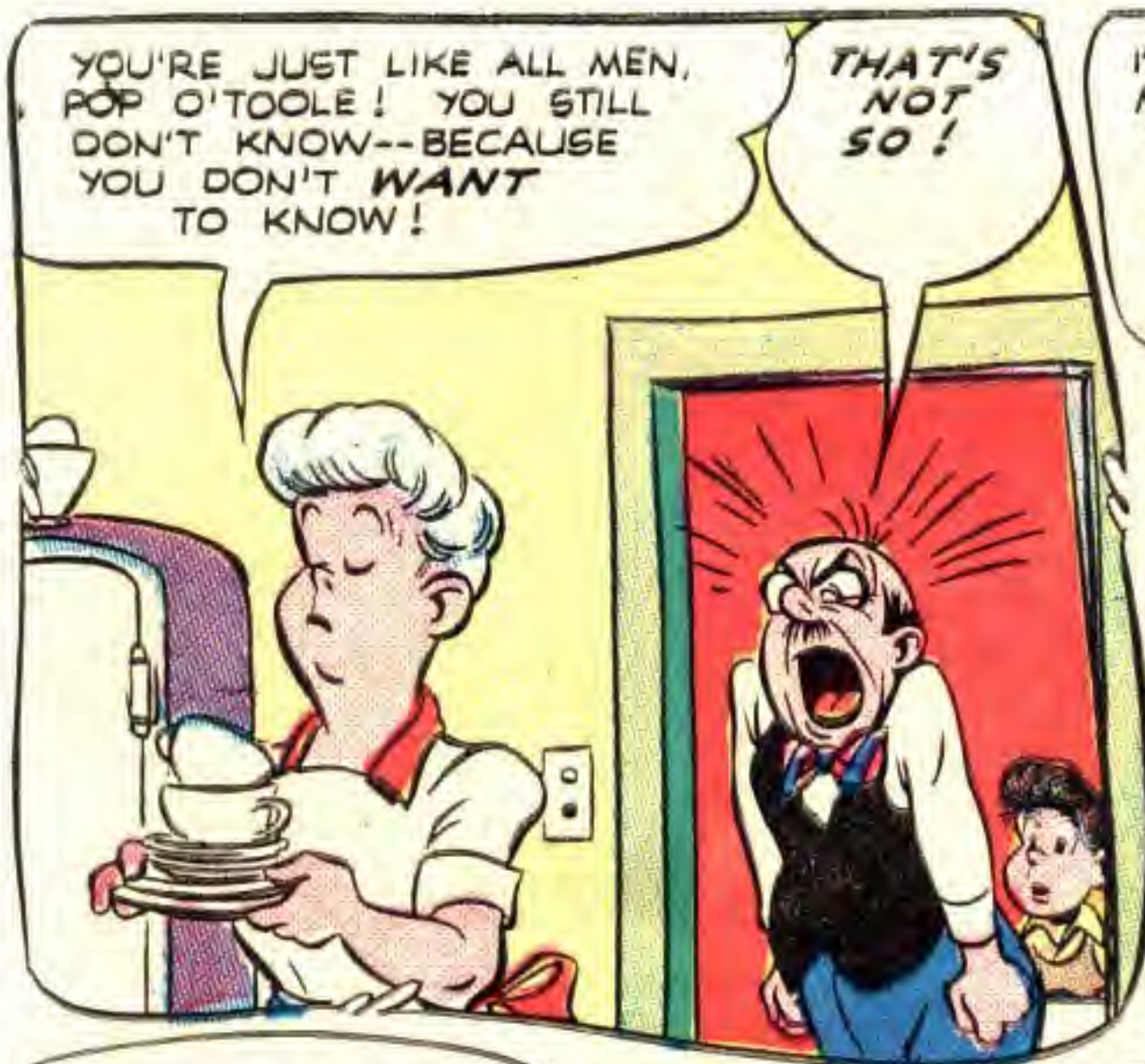
YOU SEE?
IT'S JUST LIKE
COOKIE
SAID--

LIKE
HE
SAID?



WODDIT HE SAY?
WODDIT HE *SAY?*
SOMETHING ABOUT CHICKENS
AND GOO AND JERKING
SEAMS! WHAT KIND OF
TALK IS *THAT?* I
STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT
NEEDS FIXING!





YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL MEN,
POP O'TOOLE! YOU STILL
DON'T KNOW--BECAUSE
YOU DON'T **WANT**
TO KNOW!

THAT'S
NOT
SO!



I'M A REASONABLE
MAN--I'M WILLING
TO LISTEN---BUT
THAT TALK HE
USES DOESN'T
MAKE
SENSE!

OH, I DON'T
KNOW! I
THINK COOKIE
PUT IT
VERY
CLEARLY!



VERY WELL! IF
IT WAS SO CLEAR
TO **YOU**--
WOULD YOU MIND
TELLING ME
EXACTLY WHAT
HE **DID** SAY?

GLADLY!



HE SAID THE
OUTSIDE LOOKS
LIKE A CHICKEN'S
GLAMOUR
COOP, AND---

NO! **THAT**
ISN'T WHAT I
SAID, MOM!
I SAID IT
LOOKS LIKE
A CHICK
WITHOUT
GLAMOUR
GOO!



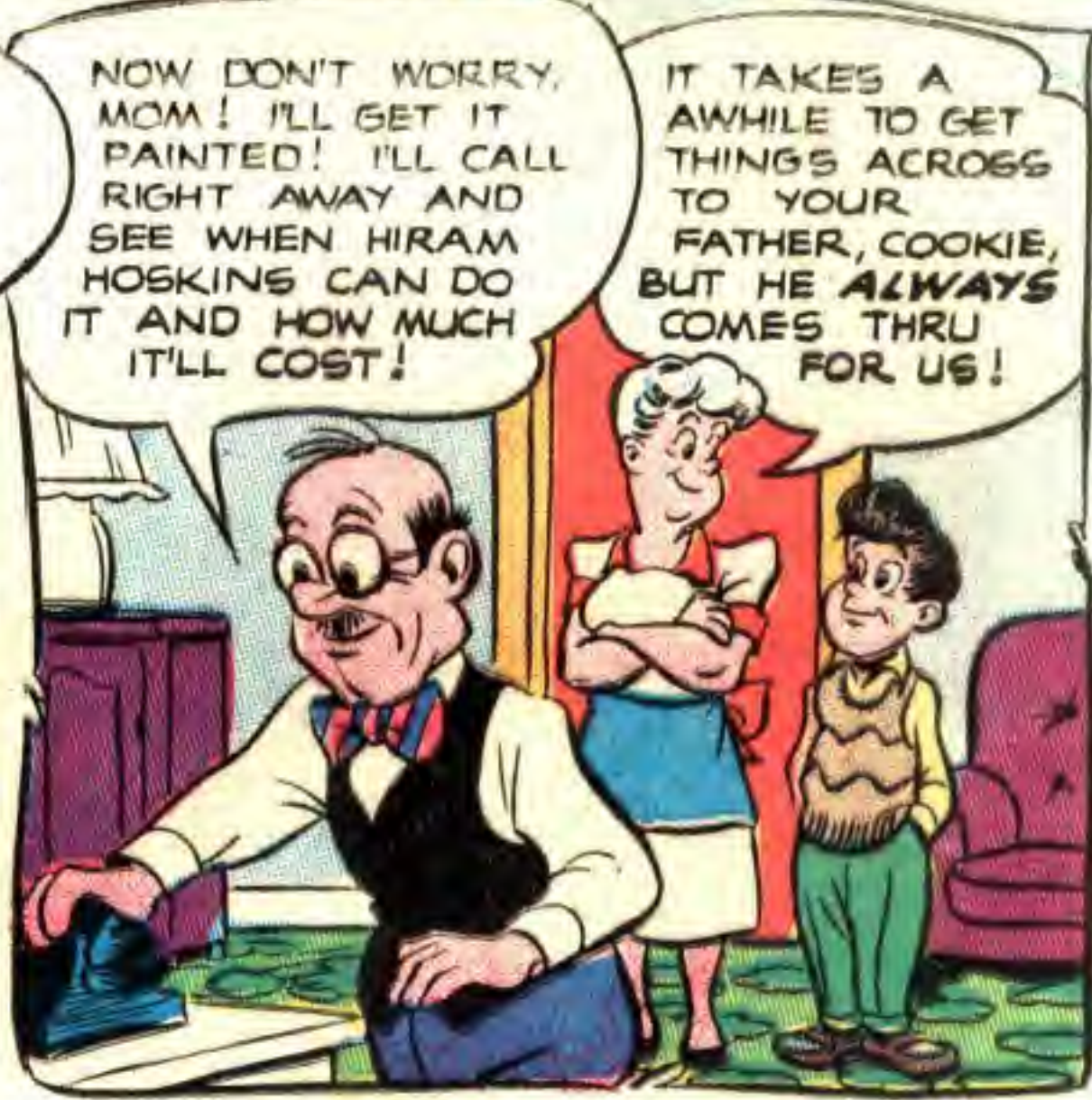
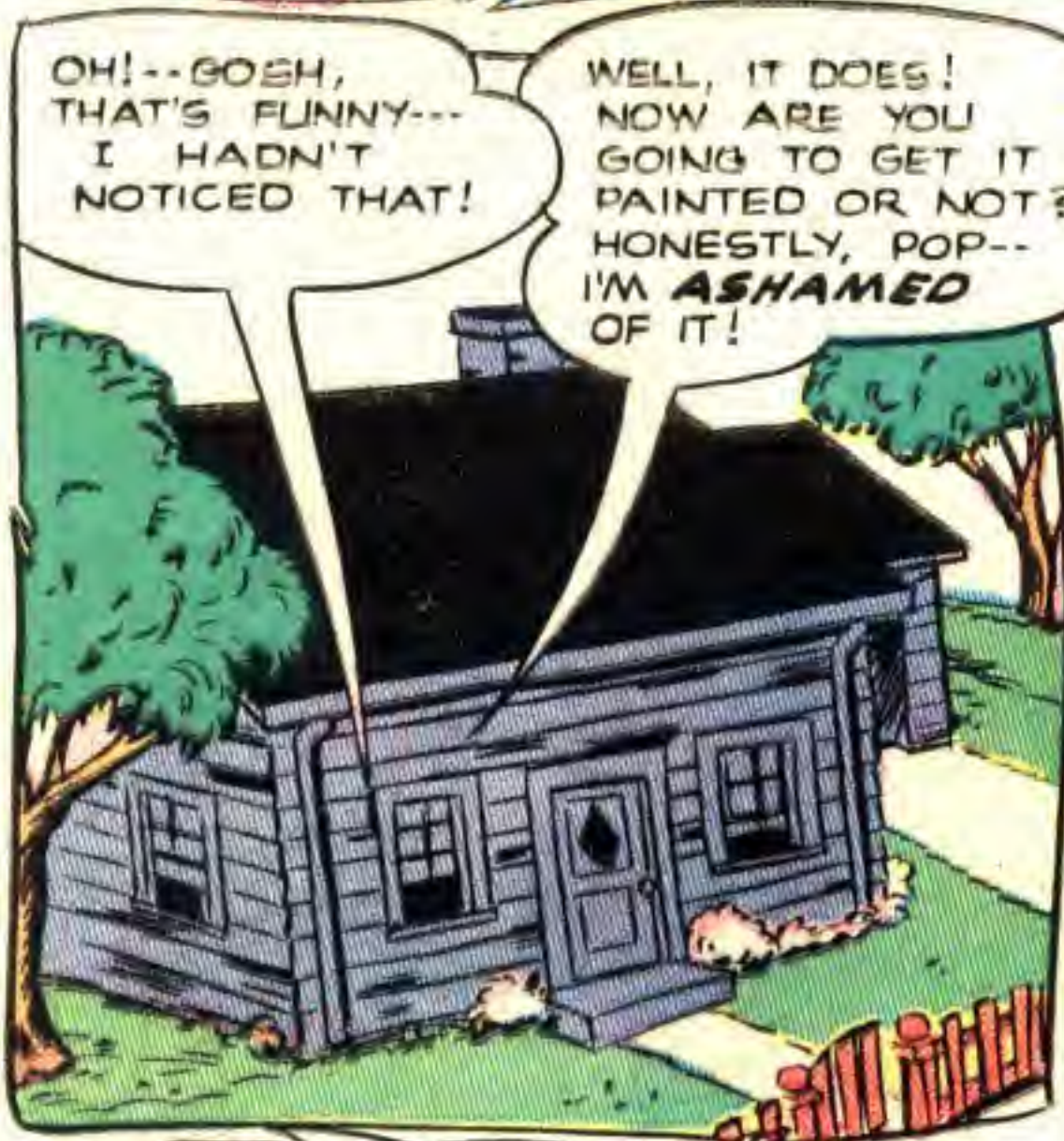
OH?--OH, YES! **YES**,
THAT WAS IT! AND I
AGREE, COOKIE! WHAT'S
MORE, YOU SAID THE
JOINTS WERE JERKING
LOOSE THE BEAM, WHICH
I NOTICED TOO!

NO, **NO!** I
SAID THE JOINT
WAS JERKING
AT THE
SEAMS!



YOU **DID?**--OH!
--WELL, THAT'S
ABSOLUTELY **RIGHT**
TOO, COOKIE!
AND IT'S **DANG-
EROUS!** WHY, A
BODY DOESN'T
FEEL SAFE WITH---

STOP!
STOP--
RIGHT
NOW!



NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MOM! TAKE IT EASY--MAYBE I CAN THINK OF SOMETHING! I---WHY, OF **COURSE!** **COOKIE** CAN DO THE JOB!

ME?

CERTAINLY **YOU!** GOOD GRAVY--THERE'S NOTHING TO PUT ON--JUST A LITTLE PAINT! IT'LL SAVE ME MONEY AND MAKE YOUR MOTHER HAPPY!

BUT--BUT HOLY COW, POP! I'VE NEVER PAINTED A HOUSE BEFORE!

NO EXCUSES, YOUNG MAN! YOU CAN CHARGE YOUR SUPPLIES TO ME AT JONES' PAINT STORE AND I'LL EXPECT YOU TO START IMMEDIATELY!

YES, SIR!

HEH-HEH! **CONGRATULATIONS**, O'TOOLE! YOU BATTLED YOUR WAY OUT OF THAT CORNER VERY NICELY! IF I HADN'T THOUGHT OF **COOKIE**, I'D HAVE HAD TO COUGH UP THAT EIGHT HUNDRED BUCKS FOR SURE! AGAIN, **CONGRATULATIONS**, O'TOOLE!

?

I'M SORRY, **COOKIE**! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR YOU TO HAVE TO DO THE JOB!

I KNOW IT, MOM! I'LL JUST HAVE TO TRY AN' DO IT, THAT'S ALL!

HI, COOK! HOW'S ABOUT HEEL AND TOE-IN' DOWN TO THE SODA JERKERIE WITH ME AND AGGRAVATE YOUR ADENOID'S WITH A COKE?

YOU KIDDIN'? I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE TIME OFF FOR A COKE FOR A LONG TIME!



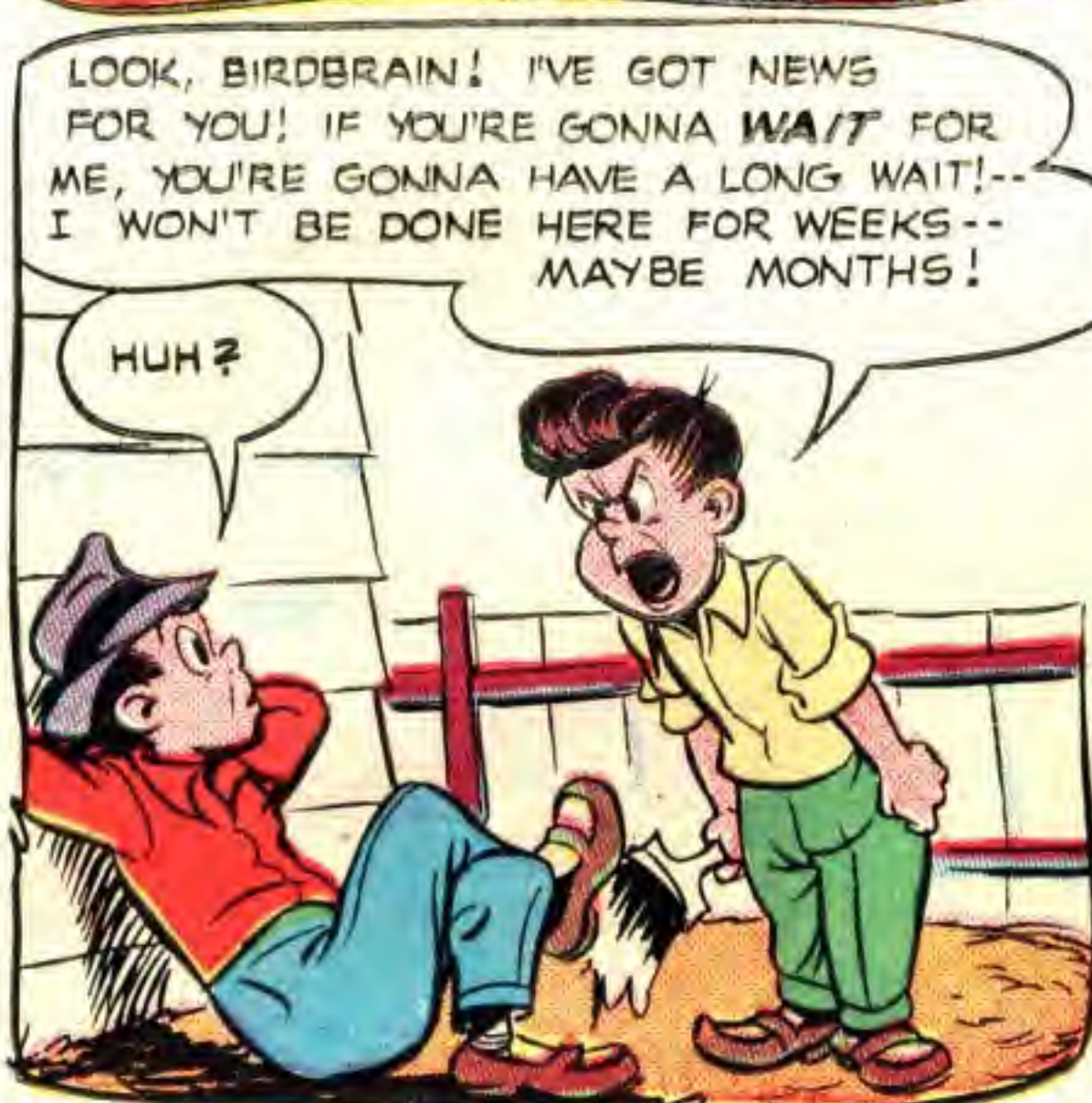
HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH! WHY NOT, COOKIE?

Y' SEE THIS BRUSH? WELL, MY POP SAYS I GOTTA KEEP SLAPPIN' IT ON THE HOUSE WITH PAINT UNTIL THE OLD HOMESTEAD LOOKS LIKE THE CAPITOL!



OH!--WELL, HURRY UP! I'LL WAIT FOR YA!

WHAT?



LOOK, BIRDBRAIN! I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU! IF YOU'RE GONNA WAIT FOR ME, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A LONG WAIT!-- I WON'T BE DONE HERE FOR WEEKS-- MAYBE MONTHS!

HUH?



FOR **WEEKS**? HOLY COW, COOK-- THAT'S **AWFUL**! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING! NO FUN, NO DATES WITH ANGELPUSS! NO BIG BASHES WITH THE CATS--GEE WHIZ!

DON'T TELL ME--I KNOW!



LISTEN, JIT! NO USE HANGIN' AROUND HERE FEELIN' SORRY FOR ME! GO AHEAD AND HAVE YOUR COKE!--SHUCKS, I'LL JOIN YA AGAIN SOME-TIME!--**NEXT YEAR!** WE'LL DRINK LOTS OF COKES TOGETHER!

HECK! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS HASSLE!



COOK! I'VE GOT IT!

I KNOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS BIG FAT HEAD-ACHE OVER IN A **HURRY!** YOUR MOM HAS ONE OF THOSE TANK-TYPE VACUUMS, HASN'T SHE? WELL, THEY HAVE A **PAINT** SPRAY ATTACHMENT ON 'EM!



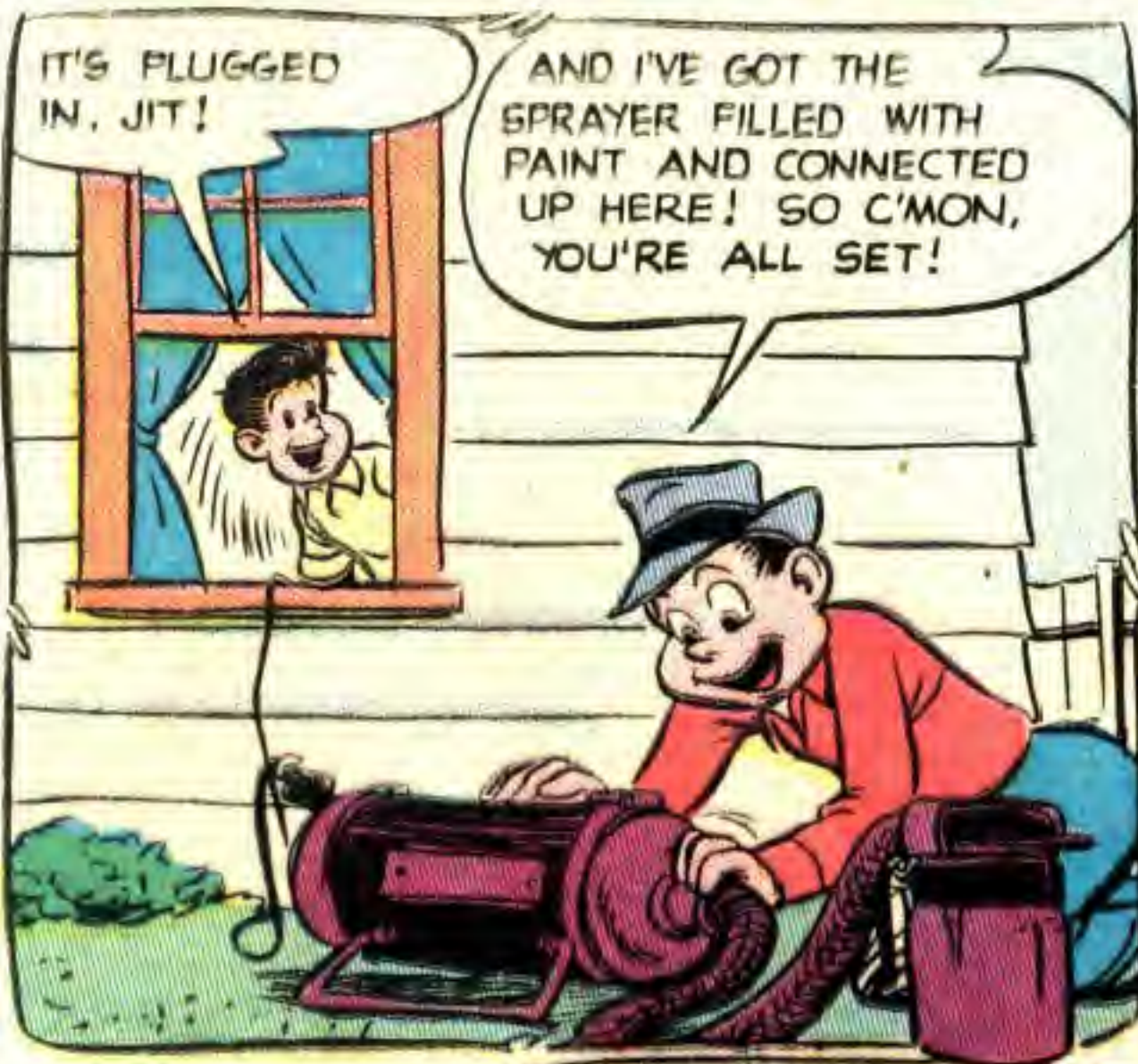
THEY SUCK IN ONE END AND BLOW OUT THE OTHER! ALL YA DO IS ATTACH THE HOSE AND SPRAYER ON THE **BLOWIN'** END! GET IT, COOK? DO IT THE MODERN, FAST WAY! -- **SPRAY IT!**

JIT, YOU PAL! Y' GOT SOMETHIN'!



IT'S PLUGGED IN, JIT!

AND I'VE GOT THE SPRAYER FILLED WITH PAINT AND CONNECTED UP HERE! SO C'MON, YOU'RE ALL SET!



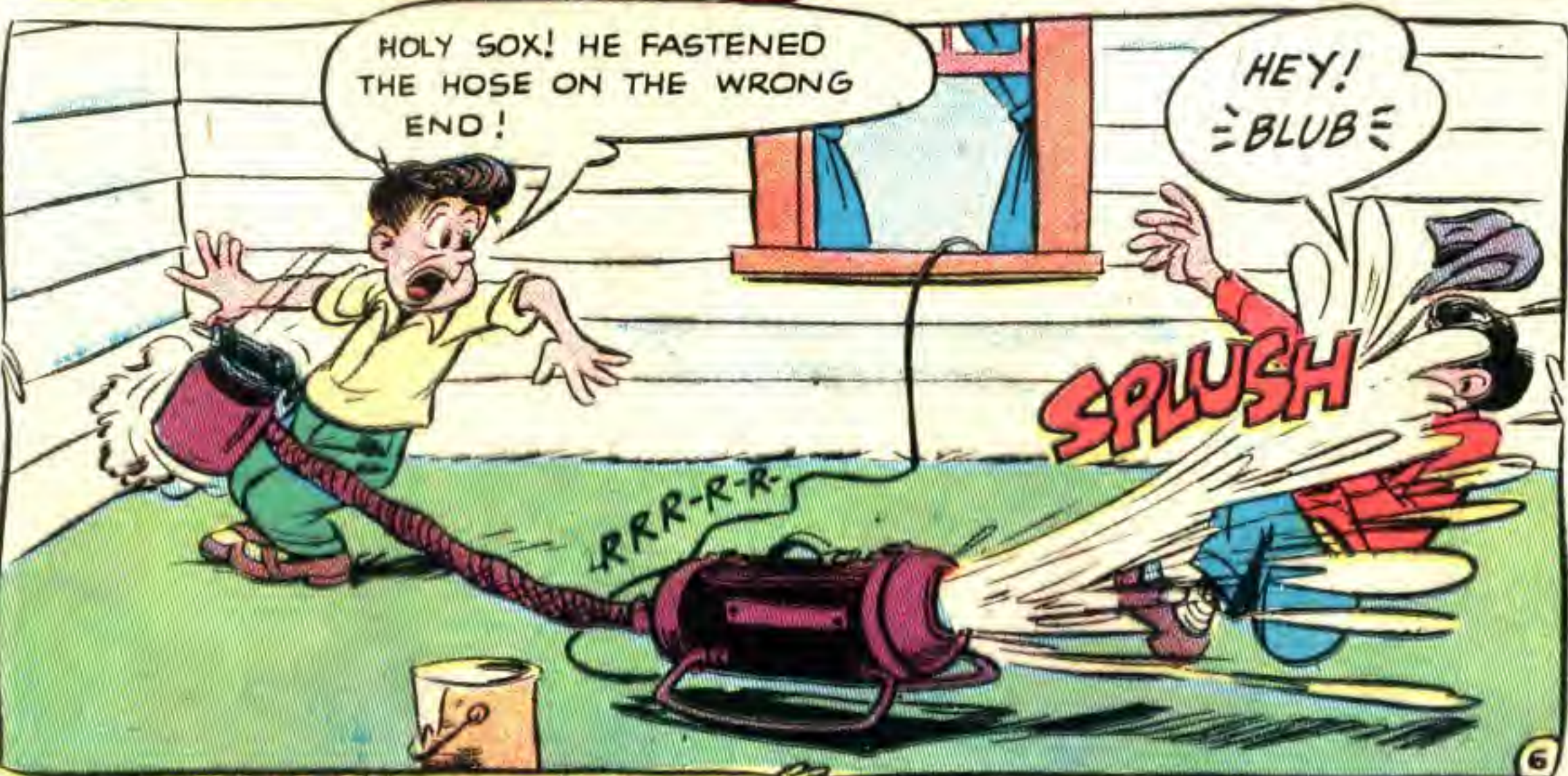
WELL, HERE GOES, JI--

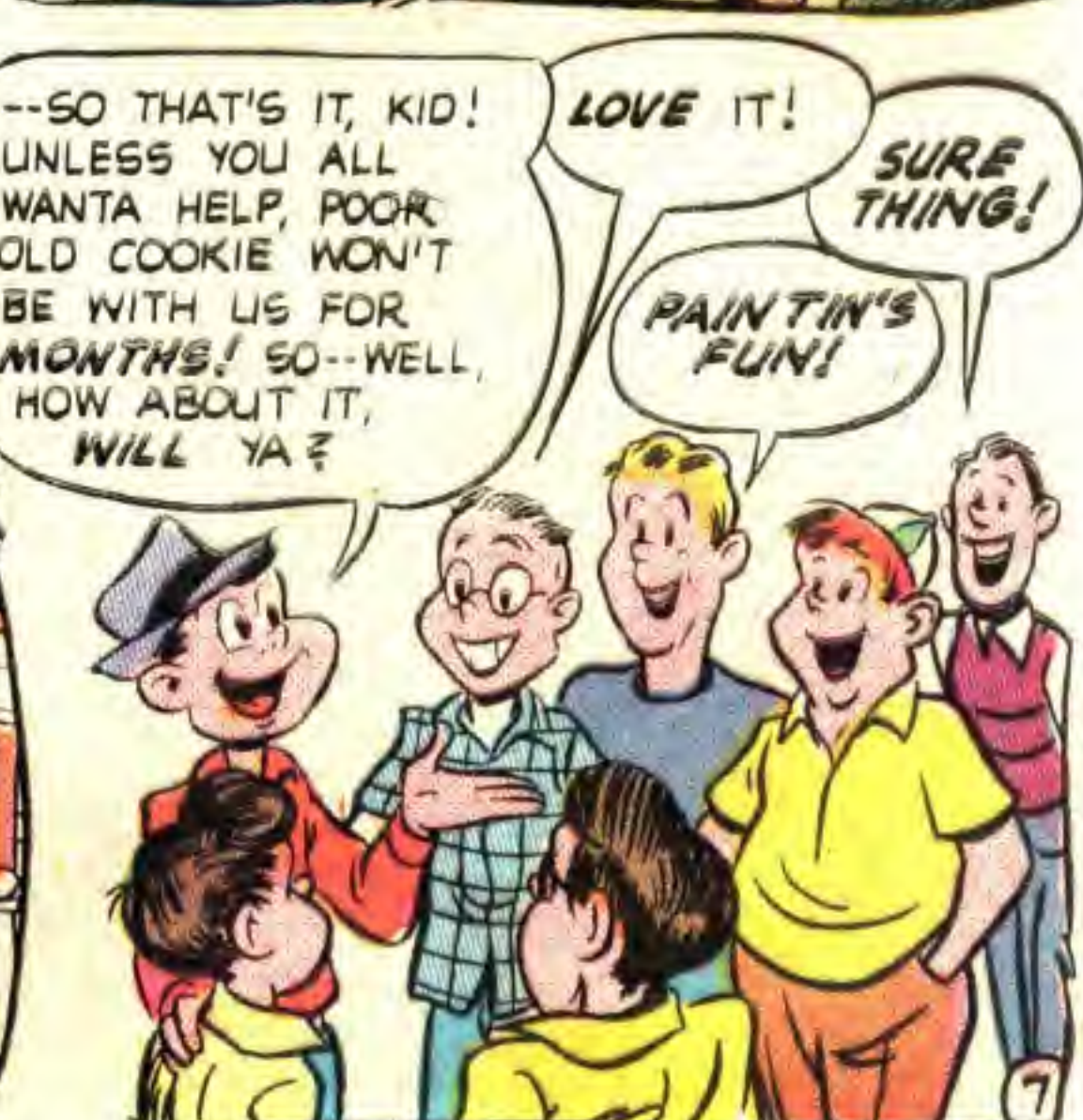
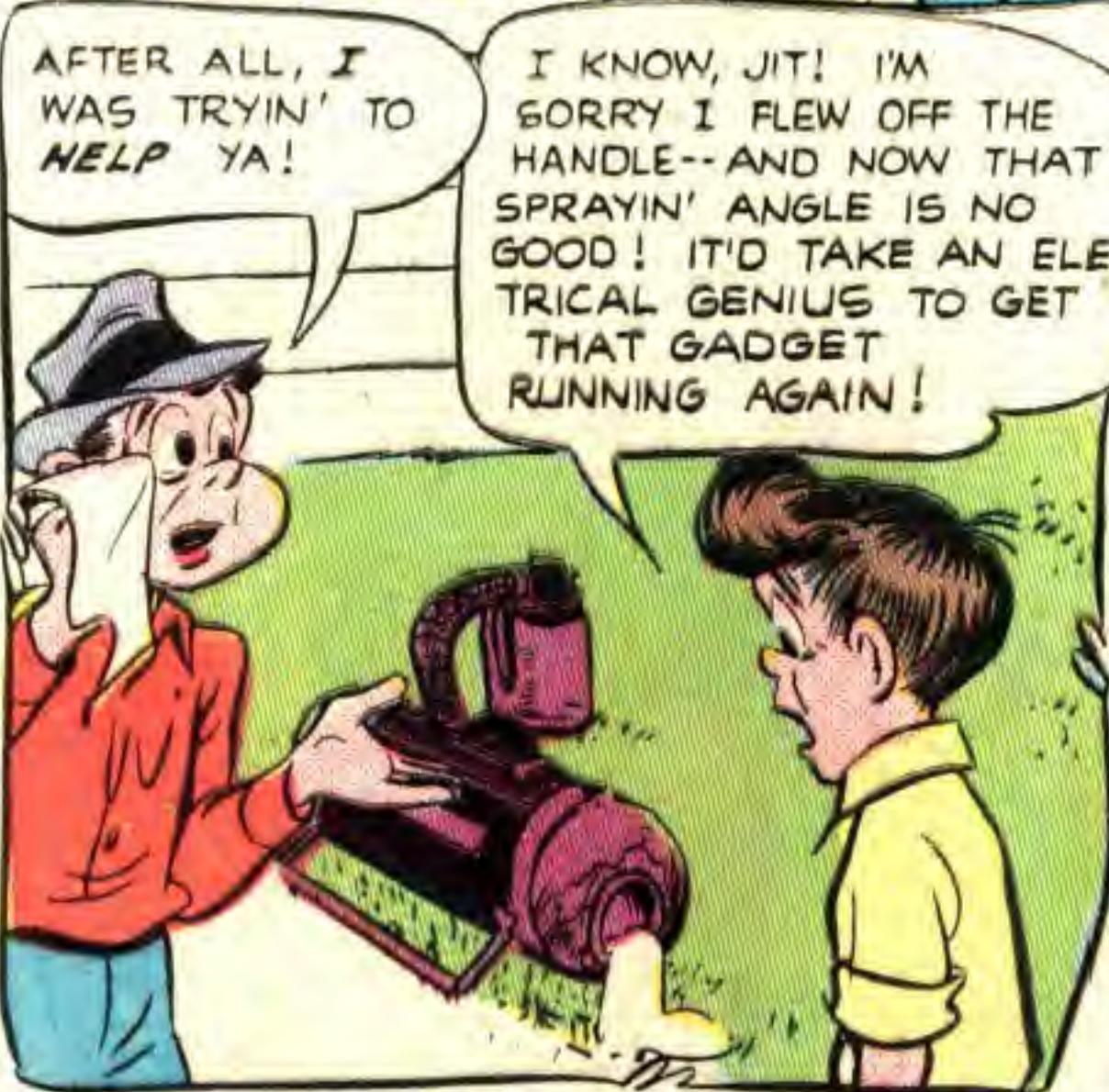
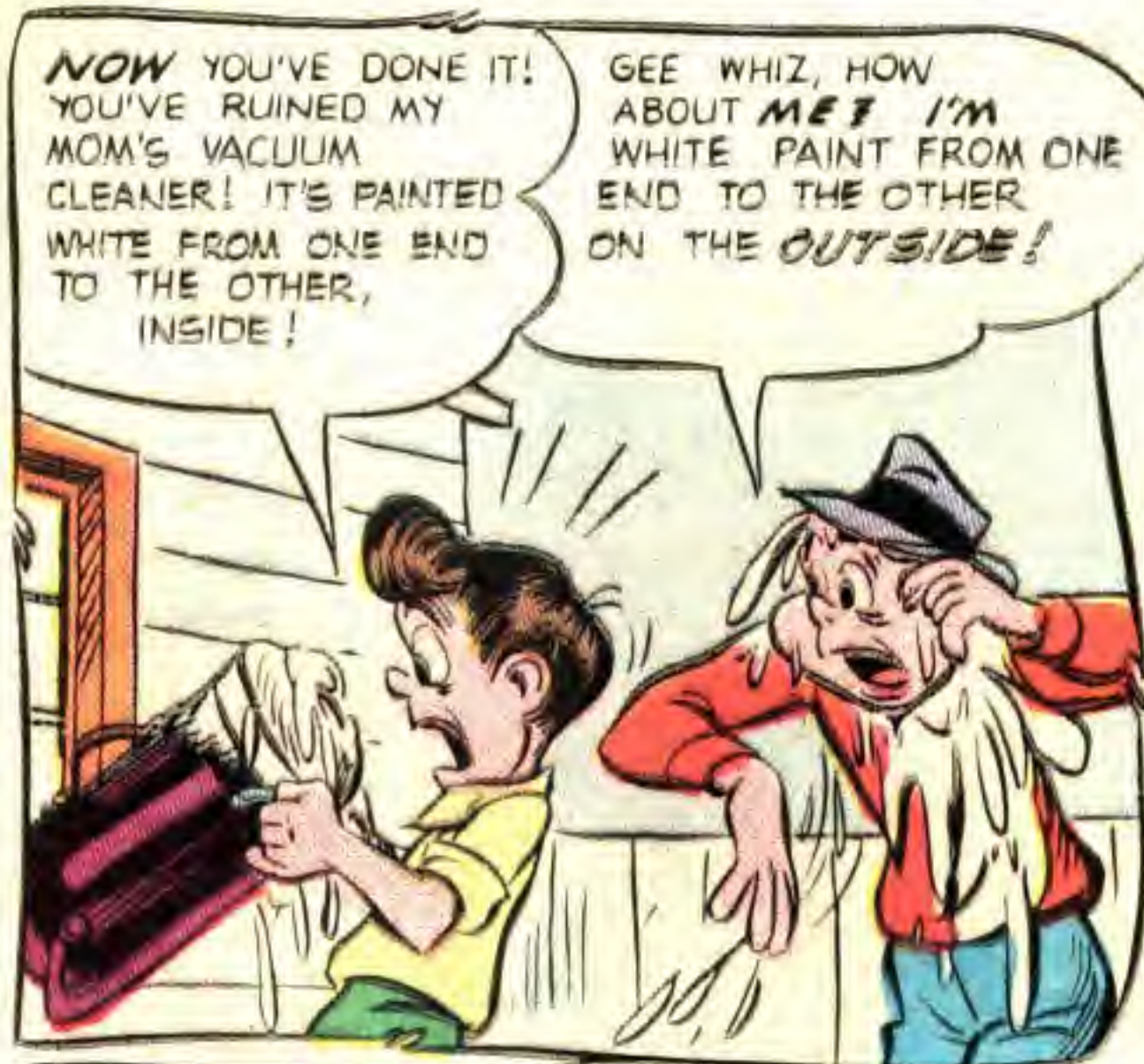
WHAT TH???



HOLY SOX! HE FASTENED THE HOSE ON THE WRONG END!

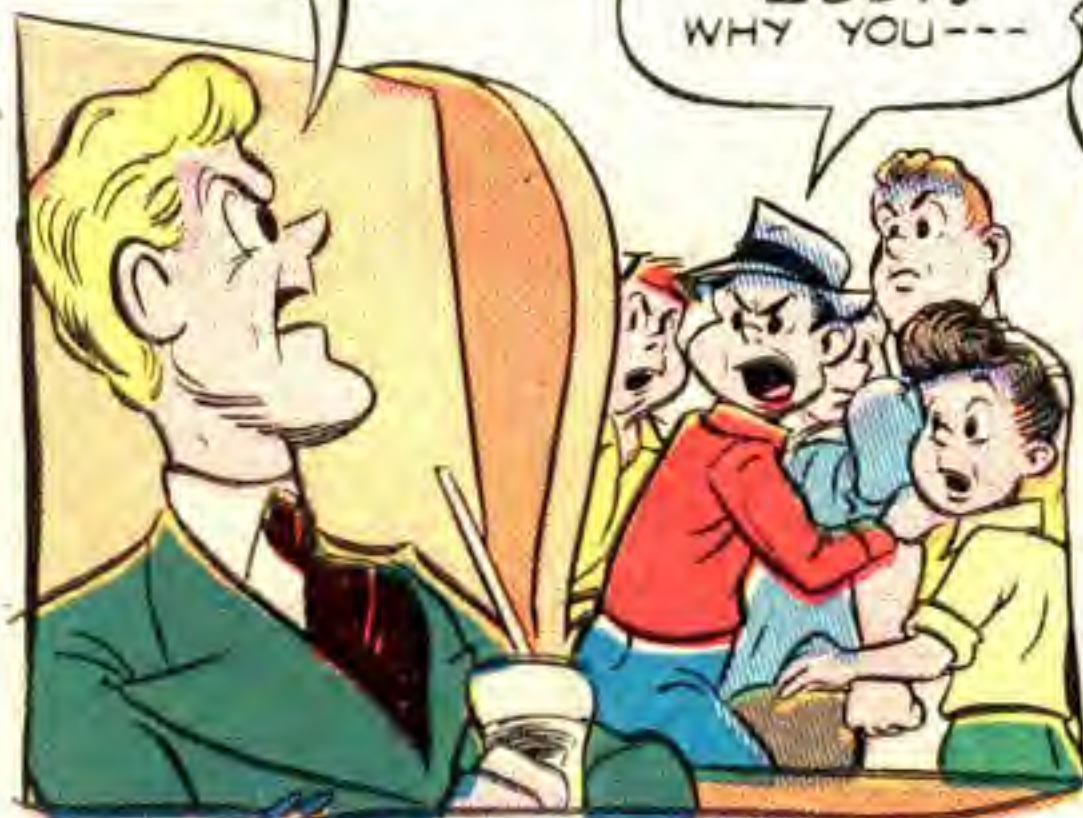
HEY! **BLUB**





JUST A MINUTE, YA JERKS! CAN'T YA SEE THIS SAWED-OFF HEEL IS MAKING DOPES OUT OF YOU? HE'S GETTING YOU TO DO *HIS* WORK!

ZOOT!
WHY YOU---



LISTEN, NOSEBLEED! COOKIE'S NOT MAKING DOPES OUT OF US--WE'RE DOING THIS OUT OF *FRIENDSHIP*--WHICH IS SOMETHING YOU WOULDN'T *KNOW* ABOUT! NOW GET LOST, FRACTURE, BEFORE WE *TEAR YOU APART!*

SULP?
SURE--
SURE--NO
OFFENSE!



FRIENDSHIP, EH? WELL, THEY CAN DO WHAT *THEY* WANT, BUT I'M GONNA FIX THAT O'TOOLE'S WAGON, BUT *GOOD!*

I'LL GO HOME AND GET THINGS SET, GANG! YOU ALL GO CHANGE CLOTHES!

YOU SAY COOKIE O'TOOLE SENT YOU FOR *MORE* PAINT? MY GOSH, I THOUGHT HE HAD *PLENTY!*

WELL, HE *HASN'T!* HERE'S A LIST OF WHAT HE WANTS--AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, WILL YA, CHUM?

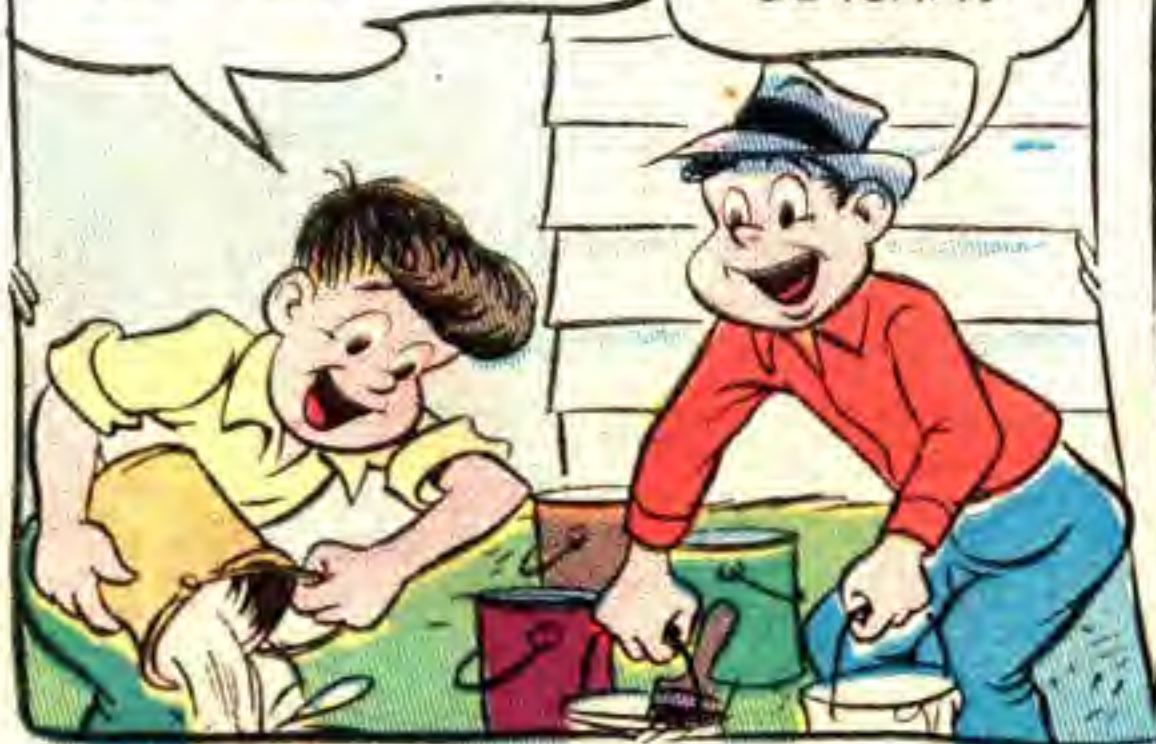


REET!



THERE, JIT! I'VE FILLED ALL THE PAILS! NOW YOU PUT THREE ON EACH SIDE OF THE HOUSE FOR THE KIDS!---YOU AND I'LL HANDLE THE BACK!

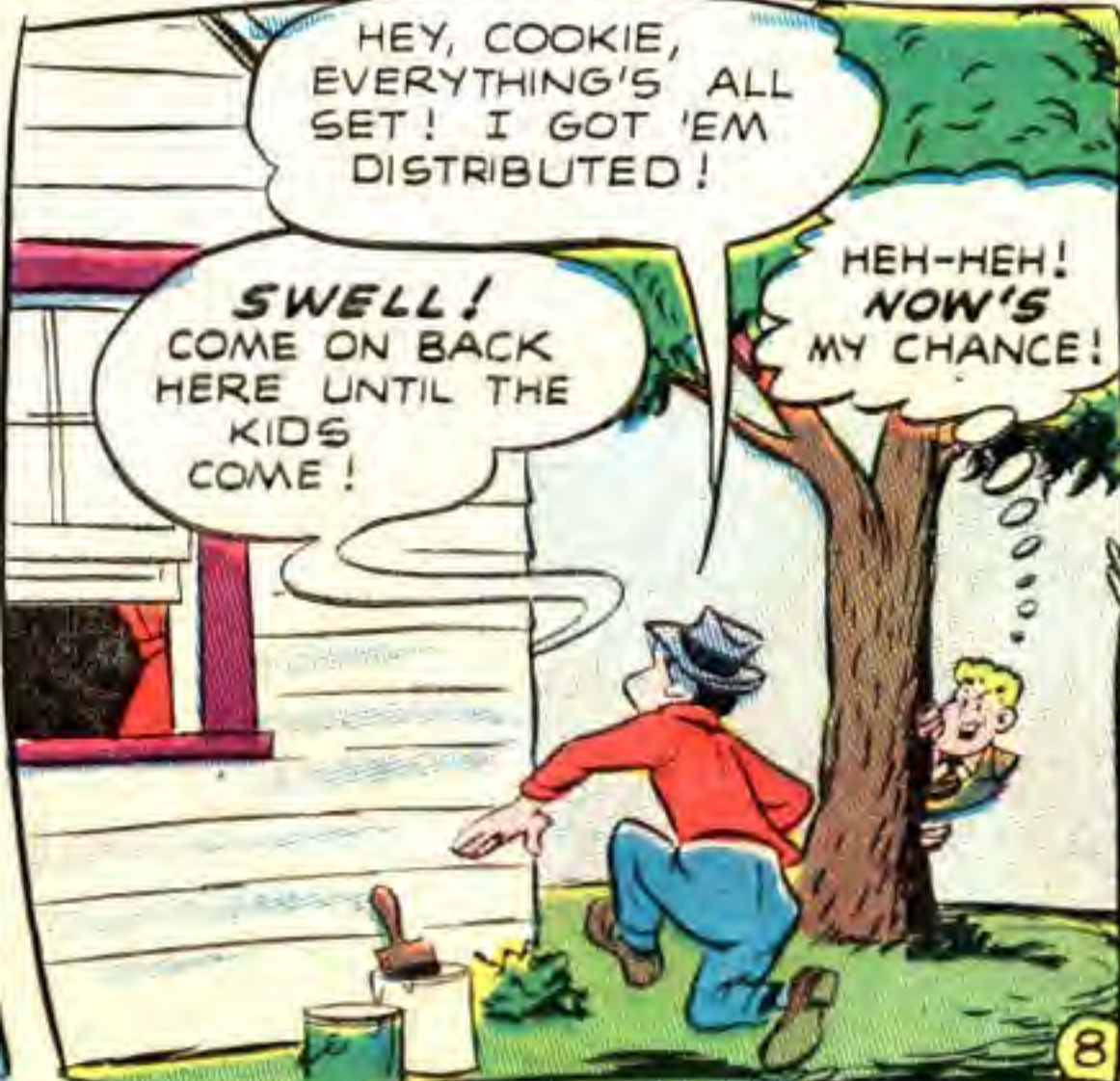
GOTCHA!



HEY, COOKIE, EVERYTHING'S ALL SET! I GOT 'EM DISTRIBUTED!

SWELL!
COME ON BACK HERE UNTIL THE KIDS COME!

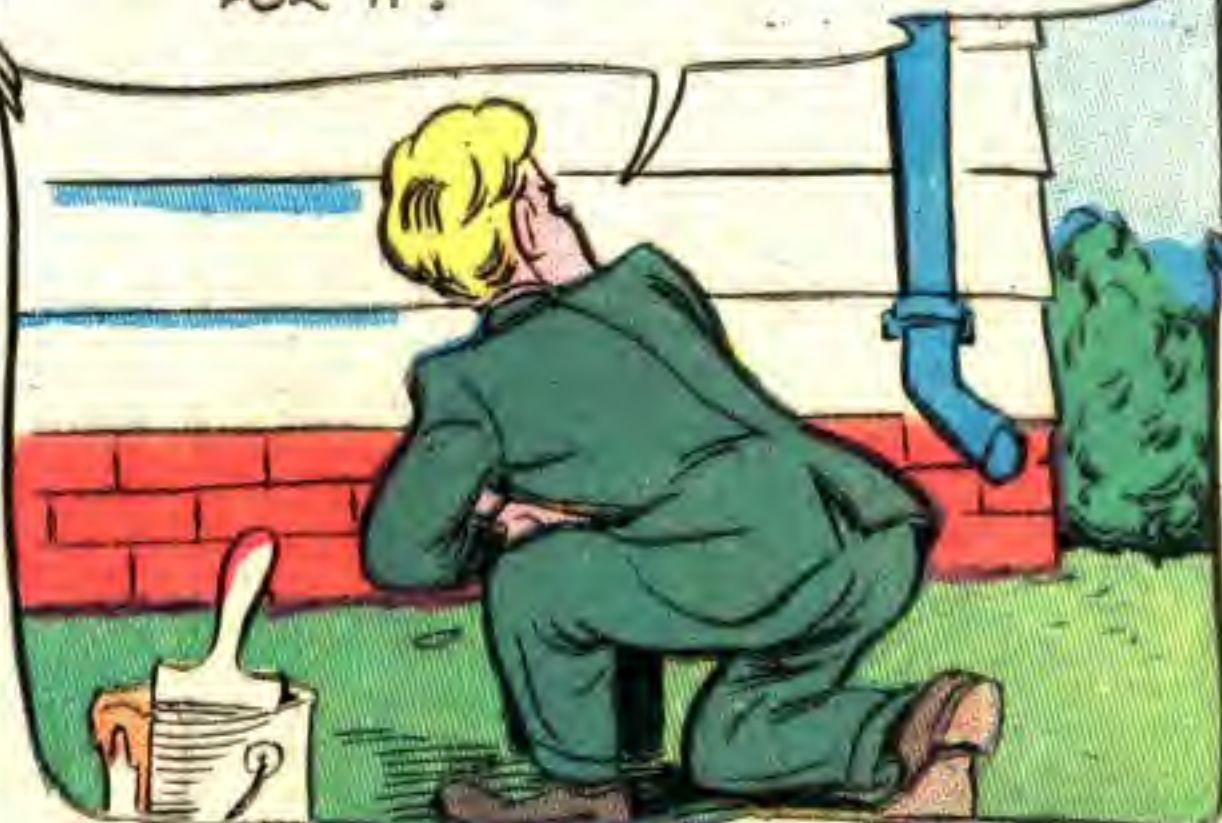
HEH-HEH!
NOW'S
MY CHANCE!



I'M GONNA HAVE TO DO THIS
FAST--BEFORE ANYBODY SEES
ME!



THERE! I'VE FIXED THE LAST ONE--
AND NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON EITHER!
HERE COME THOSE SENTIMENTAL
CORN BALLS THAT ARE GONNA GIVE
THEIR ALL FOR FRIENDSHIP! HA!
LET 'EM---I'M ALL
FOR IT!



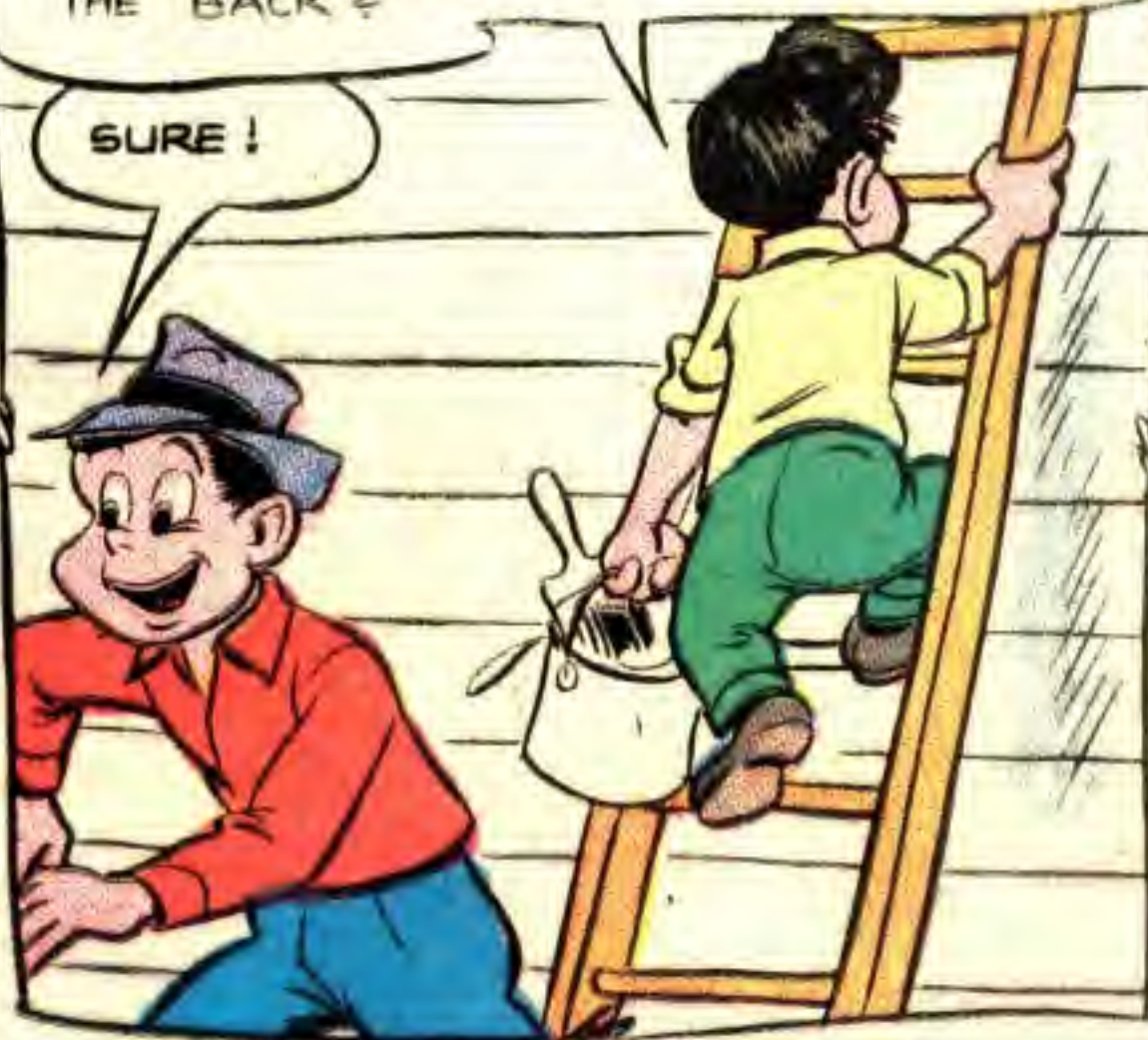
OKAY, KIDS---THERE'LL BE THREE
GUYS TO EACH SIDE OF THE HOUSE!
YOU'LL FIND PAINT AND BRUSHES
FOR EACH ONE, SO PITCH IN!
JIT AND I WILL HANDLE THE
BACK HERE!

REET!
C'MON,
GUYS!



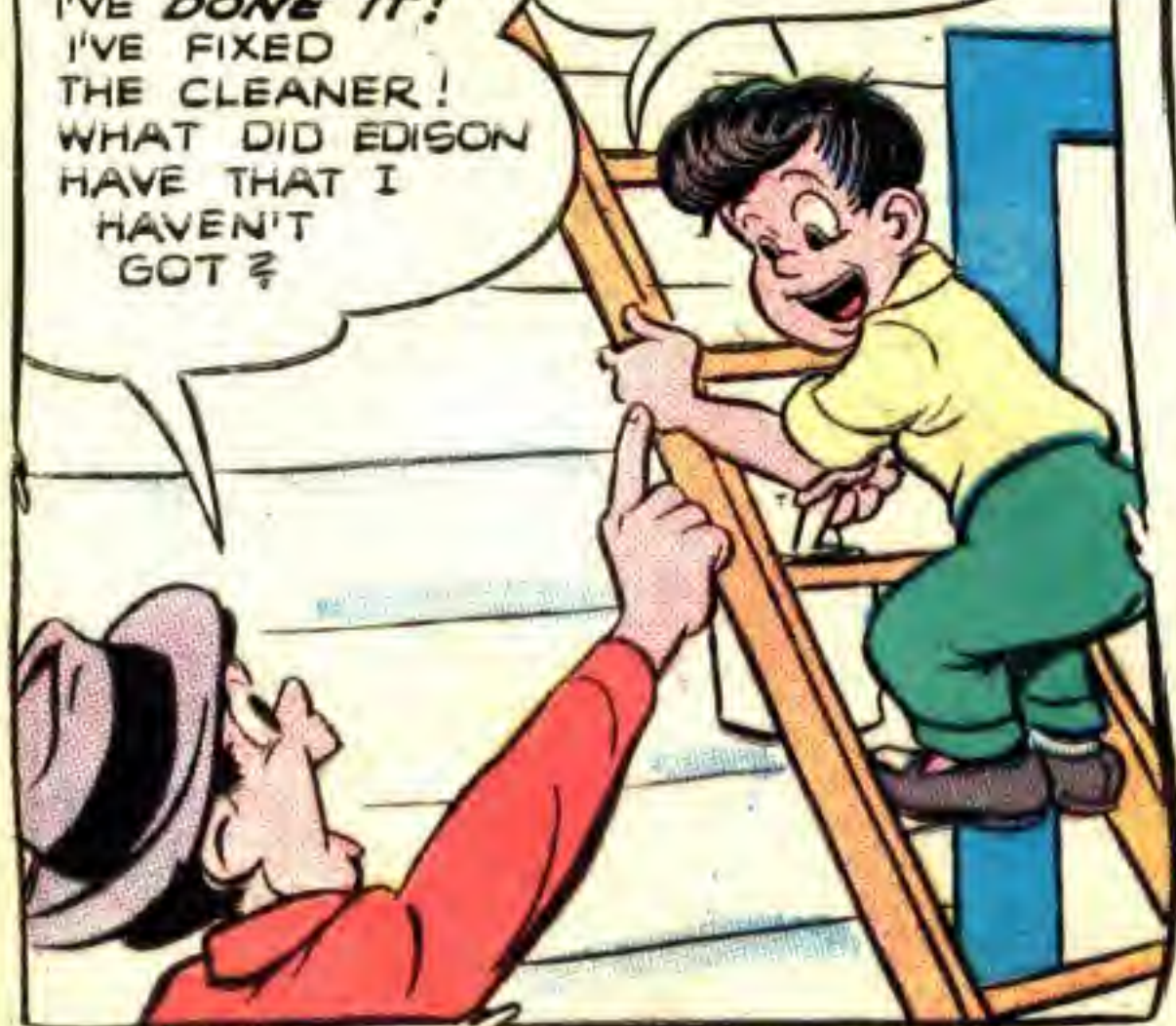
YOU THINK YOU CAN FIX UP THAT
VACUUM CLEANER WHILE I'M PAINTING
THE BACK?

SURE!



COOKIE! **COOKIE!**
I'VE **DONE IT!**
I'VE FIXED
THE CLEANER!
WHAT DID EDISON
HAVE THAT I
HAVEN'T
GOT?

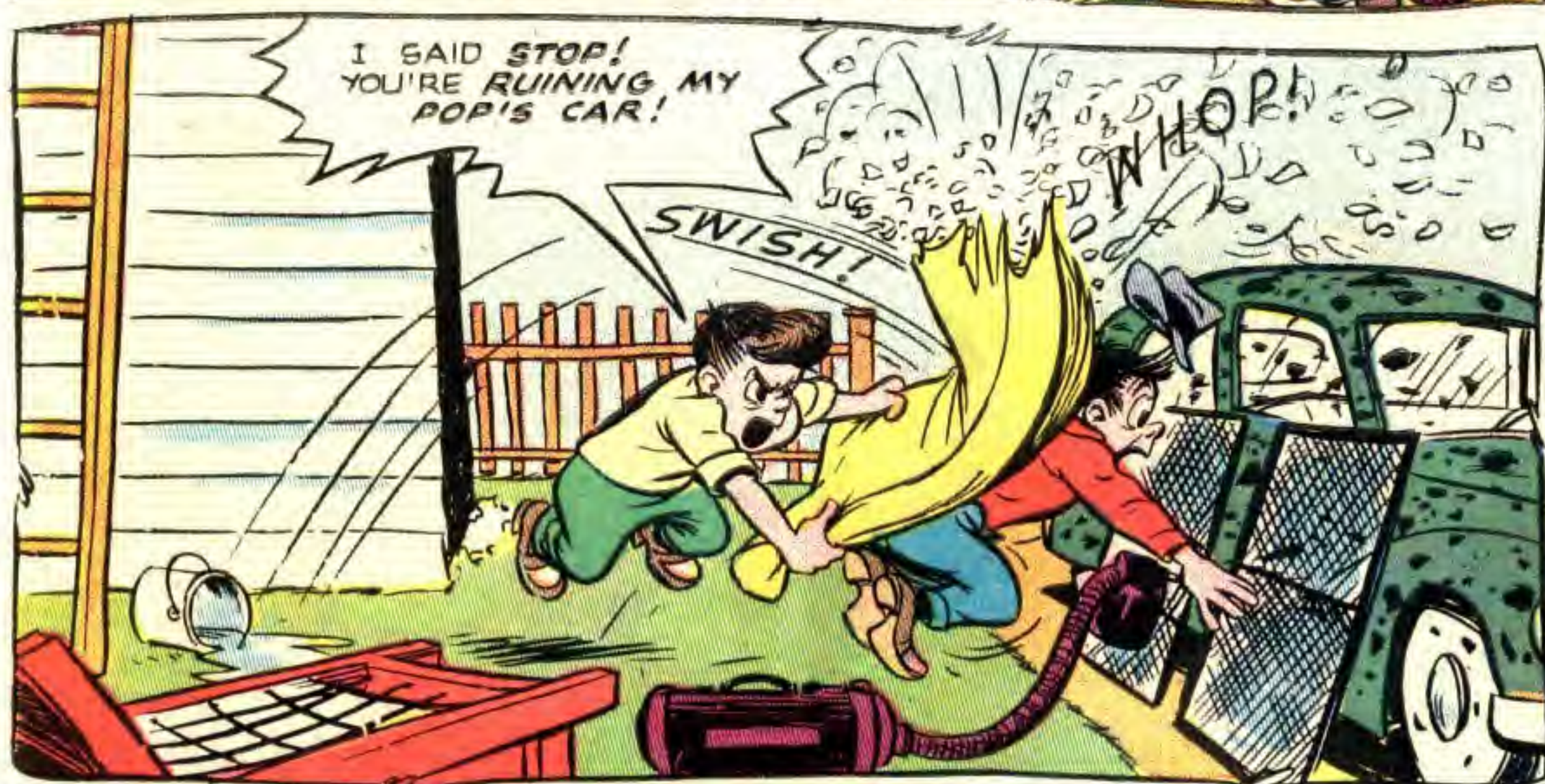
HEY--KEEN!

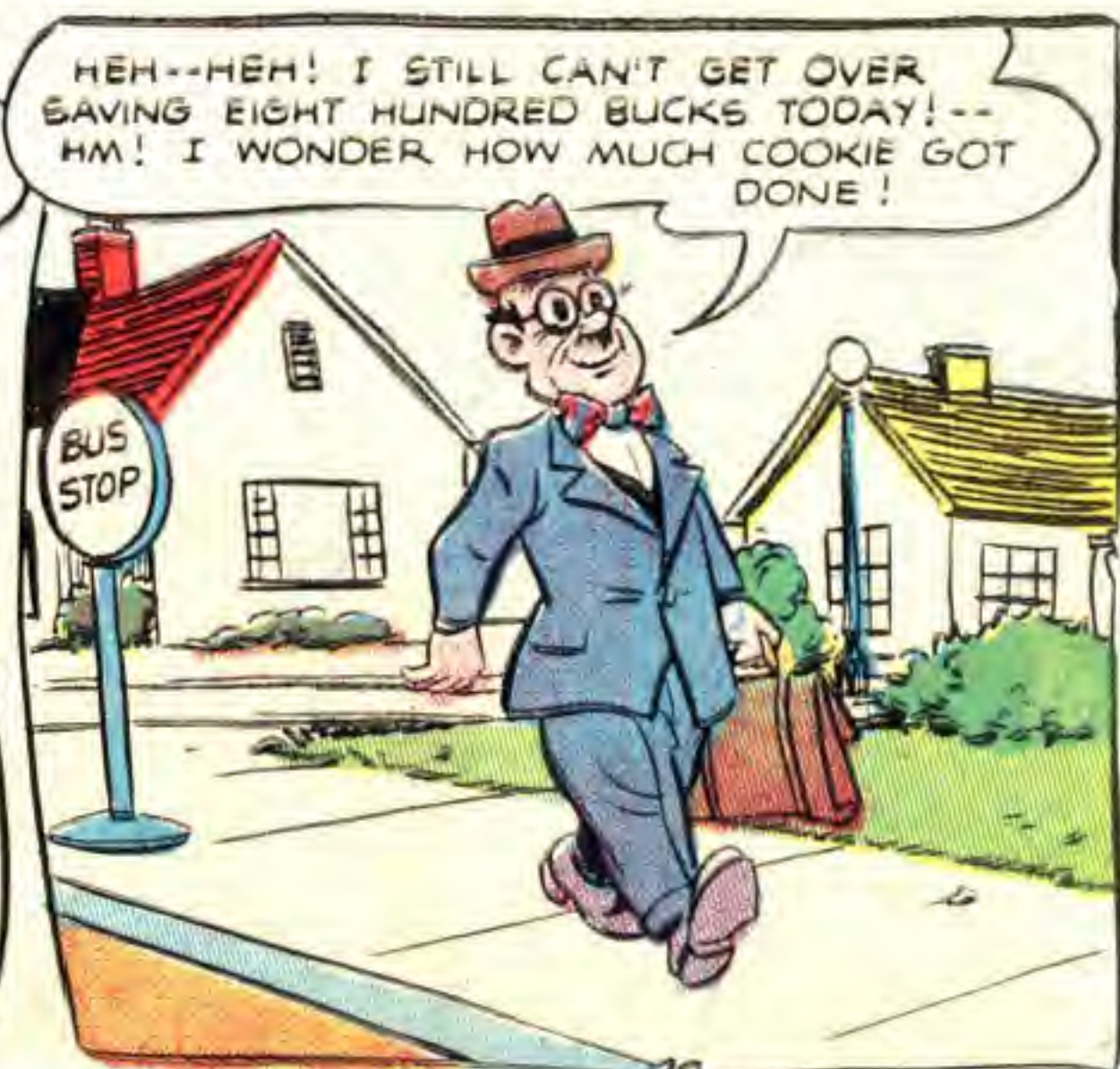
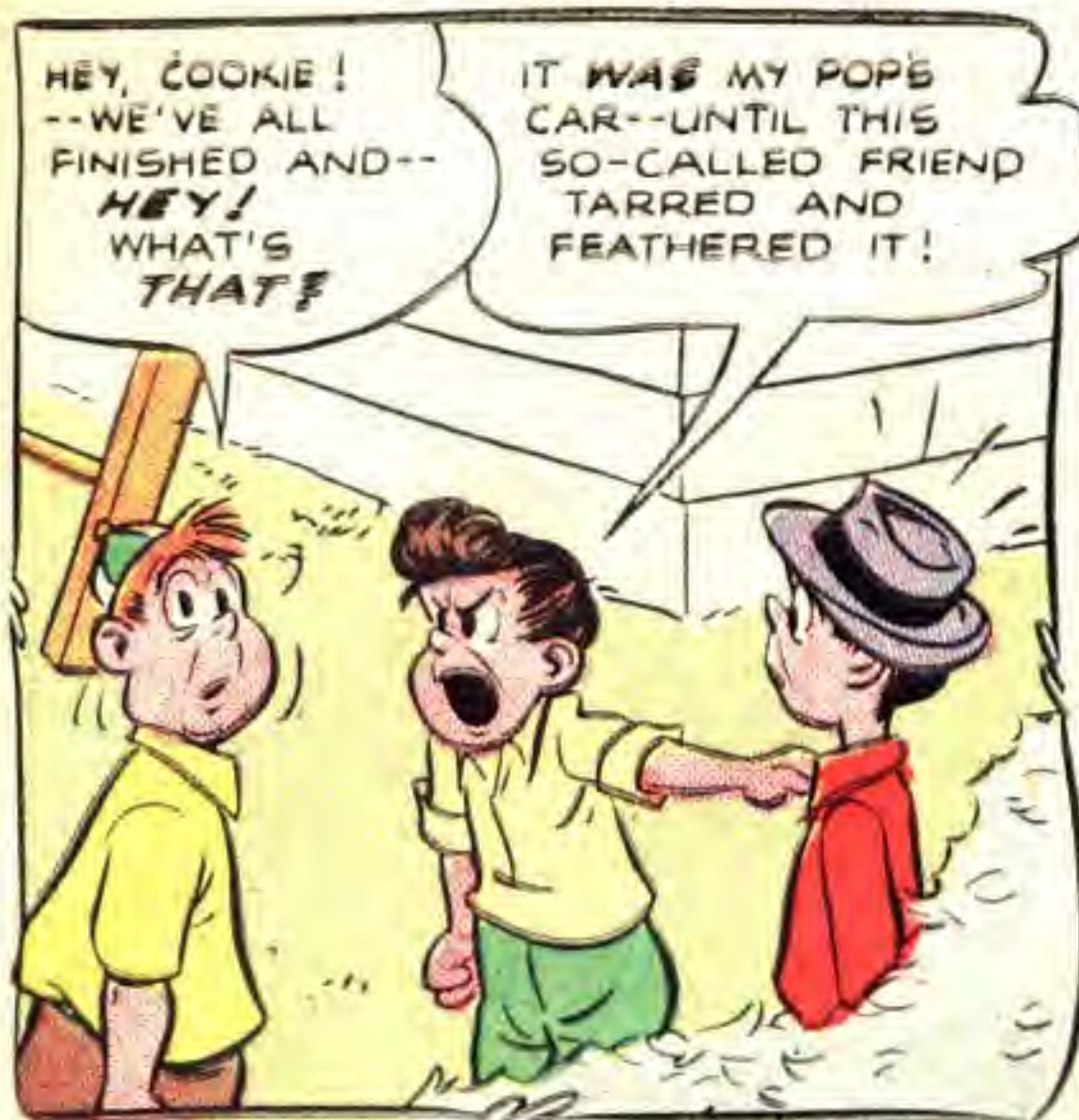


NOW THAT IT'S
FIXED, WHY DON'T I
USE IT TO SPRAY
ALL THOSE SCREENS
PILED OVER
THERE?

OKAY--
BUT MAKE
SURE YOU
CONNECT
IT TO THE
RIGHT END
THIS
TIME!









MY CAR
RUINED! MY
HOUSE RUINED!
MY OWN SON
A JUVENILE
DELINQUENT!

HOLY
COW!
IT IS
STRIPED!
HOW COULD
YOU GUYS
DO THIS TO
ME? YOU
WHO CALLED
ME A
FRIEND?

WE DIDN'T DO
IT ON PURPOSE,
COOKIE! THOSE
WERE THE
COLORS THAT
WERE IN
THE BUCKETS!

WHAT??
BUT THE
PAINT I
PUT THERE
WAS
WHITE!

FIRST I'M
GOING TO
THRASH
YOU UNTIL--

WELL, WELL--
LITTLE
TROUBLE?

HEY!



LOOK, FELLAS!
HERE'S THE ANSWER
TO HOW THE COLORS
GOT INTO THE
PAINT!

!ULP!
I FORGOT
TO CLEAN
MY
HANDS!

ZOOT!
WE
SHOULDA
KNOWN!

LISTEN! YOU'RE GOING
TO PROMISE TO PAY FOR
THE PAINT YOU RUINED--
AND REMOVE EVERY LAST
BIT THAT'S ON THE HOUSE
AND REPAINT IT--OR---

YES, SIR--
YES, SIR!

NOW JUST
A MINUTE,
POP O'TOOLE!
I'VE BEEN
WATCHING
AND
LISTENING
TO THIS
WHOLE
THING!



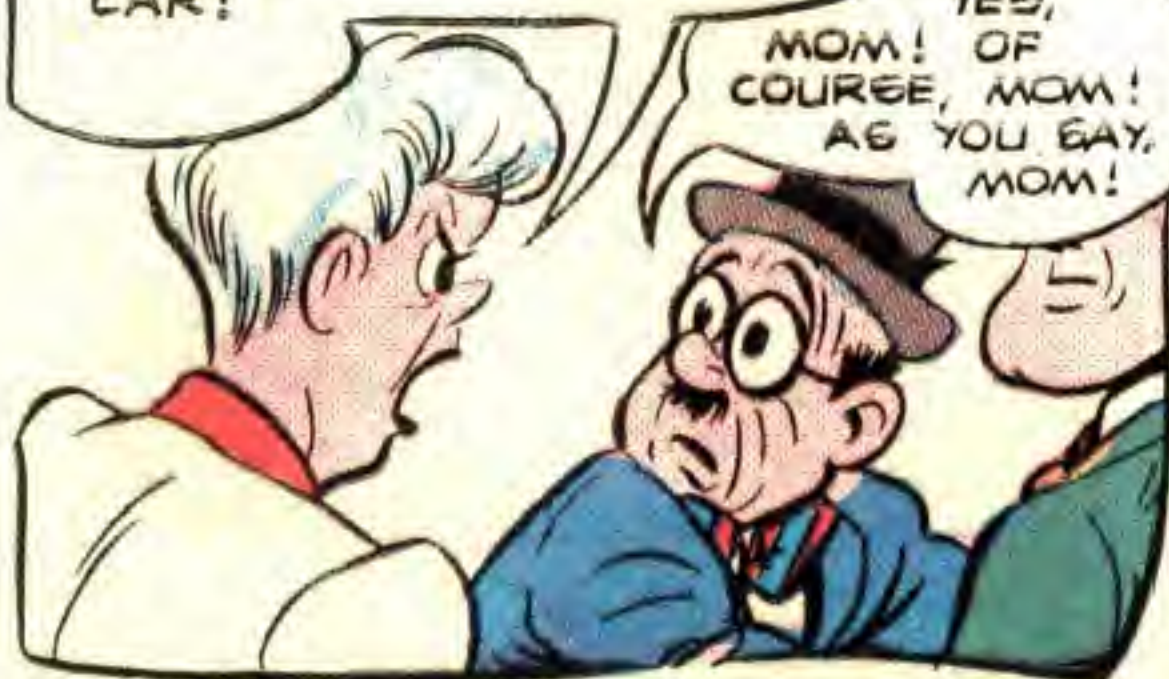
ALL OF THIS IS *YOUR* FAULT! IF YOU
HADN'T BEEN SO CHEAP AND STINGY
AND PAID A PROFESSIONAL TO DO IT, IN-
STEAD OF WISHING IT ONTO COOKIE, IT
WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! ZOOT
CAN PAY FOR THE PAINT AND TAKE IT OFF
TOO--BUT HE'S *NOT* GOING TO
REPAINT IT! HIRAM HOSKINS
IS! AND ALSO THAT
CAR!

YES,
MOM! OF
COURSE, MOM!
AS YOU SAY,
MOM!

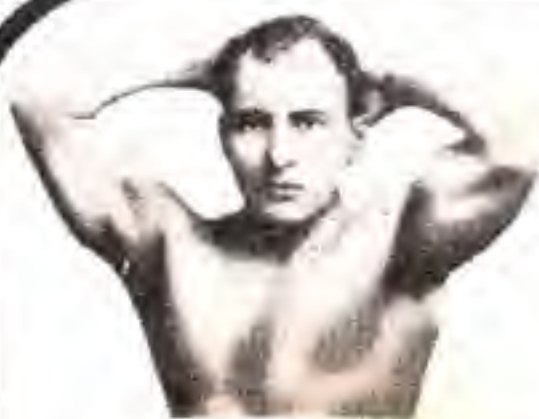
AND SO LATER...

HEY--Y'
KNOW WHAT? ZOOT
DOESN'T KNOW IT--BUT
HE DID US A *FAVOR*!
IF HE HADN'T RUINED
THE HOUSE PAINTIN'
JOB, WE'D HAVE NEVER
GOT OUT OF THAT JAW
ON THE CAR!

WHY,
YOU'RE
RIGHT!
JIT! LET'S
HAVE A
COKE ON
THAT!



THE END.



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into **REAL HE-MEN** Let me prove I can do it for you!

**All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest**

**From Weakling to a
Real He-Man**

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H.,
British West Indies

**Makes Track Team—
Called "Perfect Build"**

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

**Health 100%, Better
Through Dynamic Tension**

"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—
"What can Atlas do for ME?"

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I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

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Yes, this book is a real prize for

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